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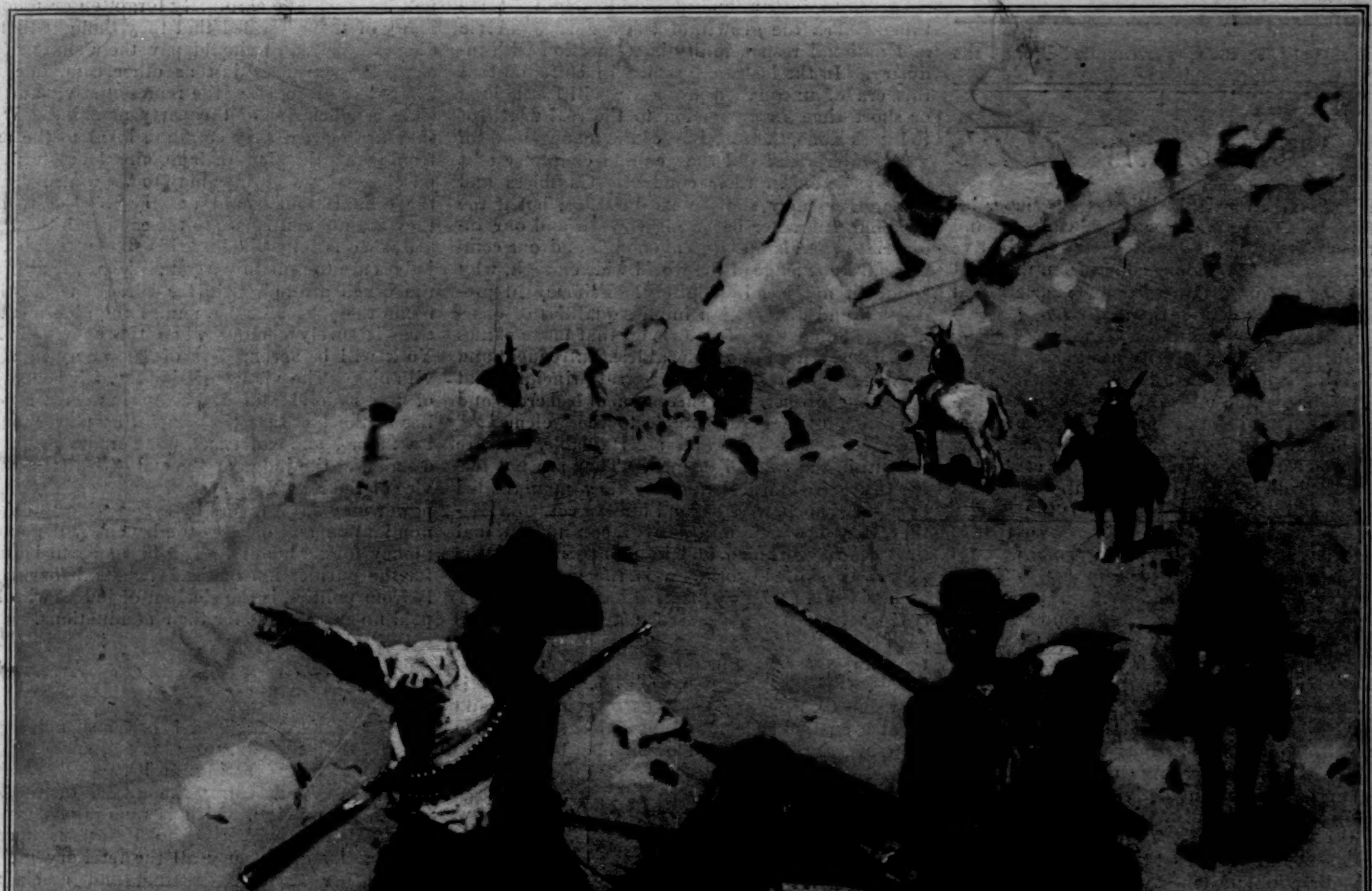

BOER SCOUTS ON THE NATAL BORDER.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

New York City, October 14, 1899

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A People on its Mettle

INDUSTRY in the United States has never before been so active over so wide an area and throughout so many departments of productive work. The same story comes from the great centres of iron-making, from the agricultural regions of the West and the South, from our exporting seaports, and from almost all manufacturing communities. Great prosperity has touched and is transforming even the least developed parts of the Union. The cotton-mills in the South, for instance, were never before so profitable. Not a few of them are earning 25 per cent., and some are reported to be earning as much as 50 per cent. dividends. Take any fair measure of the country's productive activity and the showing is the same—that we are enjoying a period of prosperity that is as great as at any time in our history, and perhaps more widely diffused than ever before.

To say with certainty whether it will be a short or long period would tax a greater economist than the new conditions of industry have yet brought forth; for the whole world is become so closely knit together that the industrial well-being of one part of it may depend on events and conditions in another part in a way never dreamed of even by the wisest students of previous conditions. But there is no reason to fear any early or sudden interruption of the present activity. The greatest danger is, of course, as always in such times, that men will be swung from the moorings of prudent conservatism, and will forget that honest labor and the wise direction of honest labor go to the production of every valuable thing, and that nothing is made by magic nor determined by chance in any field of human endeavor, least of all in the world of practical affairs.

The proper direction of the vast industrial forces that are now pushing us forward into primacy in the world's manufacturing and commerce calls for as great a degree of skill and generalship as men ever had need to show in great national undertakings. There is reason to believe that American character and management as well as American energy are equal to this great task of industrial statesmanship; but the prudent management of existing conditions is—and we ought while we enjoy the prosperous era so to recognize it—as important a duty as was ever put on any people at any time in its development. There has arisen and there ought to be nourished and cultivated a feeling of solemn responsibility for the direction and management of every important enterprise; for every enterprise embodies and exemplifies the American character when put to its best and final test. The successful conduct of a great commercial undertaking is in these days close akin to generalship, and it ought to bring such recognition as was given to great commanders in the military era. Every community has a right to demand, for its own sound economic condition, that this high view should be taken of the duties and responsibilities of industrial leadership. The cultivation of such a sense of responsibility or the lack of it marks the difference between a people who are engaged only in a struggle for individual wealth—which is at its best a more ignoble struggle now than ever before—and a people that is building up through prosperous industry a great national character, of which its industrial character is only an index.

This period of great prosperity will leave its lasting impress on our character; and its proper direction is, as every thoughtful man knows, very much more important than the outcome of any political campaign or agitation—very much more important than any of the group of subjects that our preachers, political and moral, have had the habit for a generation or two to emphasize. The sum total of American character and foresight is measured by the character and foresight of its captains of industry. If we have that world-conquering combination of stability and daring that is the race-mark of peoples of English stock, we shall soon lead the world in industry and commerce, and the present rush of activity will push us far towards such primacy in many departments.

The rise in social, economic, and political as well as commercial influence of such bodies as chambers of commerce, the constant gain in dignity and character of expositions, and the growth of commercial museums, especially the transition of these from the character of mere advertising agencies to institutions of moral weight—these things mark the growth of a larger sense of civic and national responsibility in connection with industry. In the last analysis it will be found that this era of unequalled prosperity will last a long or short time in proportion to the real worth of the work done, the foresight of the management of great enterprises, and the genuine character that displays itself in their conduct. Gamblers and demagogues may shorten its duration; but if the national character be strong enough and our industrial generalship be great enough and our commercial knowledge of the world wide enough, why should it not last indefinitely? Primacy in production and distribution implies qualities of character and an extent of knowledge that make panics and crises, if not impossible, at least infrequent and comparatively harmless. The great principles that determine prosperity—a succession of bad crops and other misfortunes attributable to the "elements" excepted—are definite and ascertainable, and are all within the control of men. They are not fortuitous nor whimsical, nor are they manipulated by mysterious powers beyond human control. Rather they are determined by race and national qualities in workmen and in managers; and the American skilled workman is the most efficient man that industrial civilization has evolved.

Good times try a people's mettle; and there is such a chance now as never came before to show the stuff that we are made of. The rush of work is the more inspiring because the whole world is now one country in the bonds of commerce, and greater conquests await industrial captaincy and statesmanship than ever tempted men before.

The Admiral's Effect on Public Opinion

THE result of Admiral Dewey's coming home is far-reaching and many-sided. He gave an occasion for a national expression in New York and in Washington of the popular consciousness of a new era in our development. But even more important is the well-balanced attitude towards our vexing Philippine problem that has been taken by practically the whole people.

The Admiral has properly said little for publication, but his bearing and the tone of his utterances have been so well balanced that they have had a greater effect, perhaps, than we yet appreciate. Many well-meaning men who had thought it our duty to retire from the Asiatic archipelago have revised their opinion after learning definitely that he regards the retention of the islands as our national and international duty. No sooner had he had a conference with the President than a re-enforcement of the navy and the army was ordered, and apparently steps have been taken—or are to be taken—to distribute the heavy responsibilities of our military command there.

Although the Admiral has been reticent to the public about his views of many important questions of method, he has made on the public mind the distinct impression of his convictions—that it is our bounden duty to bring order in the islands; that the war with the insurgents must be ended in the establishment of our authority; and that in the end we may hope for free government, at least in Luzon, but that free government can come only through American authority and help.

This is the conclusion that most men who know the colonial history of our race, and who recognize our obligations as a world power, had previously formed; but the universal respect for the Admiral's good judgment on all the larger aspects of the question confirms this opinion. The task, difficult as it may be, is a plain one, and the Admiral's coming has made it plainer. Responsible sentiment may henceforth be expected to grow still stronger in favor of a humane but firm doing of our whole duty in the East.

Judges and Politics

THE condition of the judiciary of the city of New York affords the best illustration of the evil that is inevitable from making the judges dependent for their offices upon the political power. The courts, it is true, are not nearly so bad as they were twenty-eight years ago. But the judges are still put upon the bench by Tammany Hall, and are still beholden to it for the retention of their places. Most of them have testified before the Mazet committee that they contributed to the campaign funds when they were condidates for offices in which party politics should be absolutely forgotten or ignored. Many of them testified that they thought that judiciary candidates should pay their share of the campaign expenses just as other candidates do. They were all together the representatives and possible beneficiaries of the party machine. When they are elected they continue loyal to the party from which they buy their nominations—for it is a purchase, say what they may to the contrary, since the organization would not try to elect them if they did not contribute to the campaign fund.

Justice is imperilled by this state of affairs. If judges are to remain party politicians, if places on the bench are to remain for sale, if the boss is to name the judges as he names the aldermen, the time is surely coming when the courts of New York will be accomplices of Tammany in all its villanies. The virtue of the English bench, and of the Federal and Massachusetts courts, to-day lies in the fact that the appointing power expects no favors, and can exact none under penalty of dismissing the judge at the end of his term. The vice of the New York system is that the appointing power may exact favors by threatening to refuse a nomination, and debases the bench by demanding money for its honors. The first step to be taken for the purification of the bench, and for purging it from politics, is the election of judges who have paid no assessments for their nominations.

Venezuelan Arbitration

GREAT BRITAIN has lost nothing by consenting to submit to arbitration the boundary dispute between herself and Venezuela. The award of the commission, which is unanimous, gives to Great Britain, according to the newspaper reports and maps, nearly all the territory included within her extreme demand, and much more than she was ready to take by way of compromise. The line fixed by the commission is also much to the westward of the Schomburgk line, and within the territory granted to her are the British settlements, the difficulty of disposing of which, so far as jurisdiction over them was concerned, long prevented Great Britain from assenting to arbitration. The result is a decided victory for England, and a decided gain, too, for the general principle of settling disputes by arbitration. Justice has doubtless been done as nearly as it is possible to be exactly just in settling upon a boundary line which for centuries has been so vague that it may truly be said never to have existed at all. On the whole, the United States has not only nothing to regret, but much to be thankful for. The part we played has been distinctly honorable, for it was a successful effort in behalf of the peaceful settlement of a dispute concerning which war would have been disgraceful.

The Dewey Arch

IT is action that begets inspiration. There was never a better proof of this than the Dewey arch in New York. Without the spur given by a great public demonstration such a noble work of art would not even have been conceived, to say nothing of its execution; and yet to meet the demands of a historic occasion, the Society of Sculptors—without pay and by an energy as extraordinary as their art—produced a piece of work that deserves to rank with the monumental works of all the world. So impressive is it that the movement to put it into permanent form ought to be organized as a national undertaking. It is a noble expression of national enthusiasm that all coming generations ought to see.

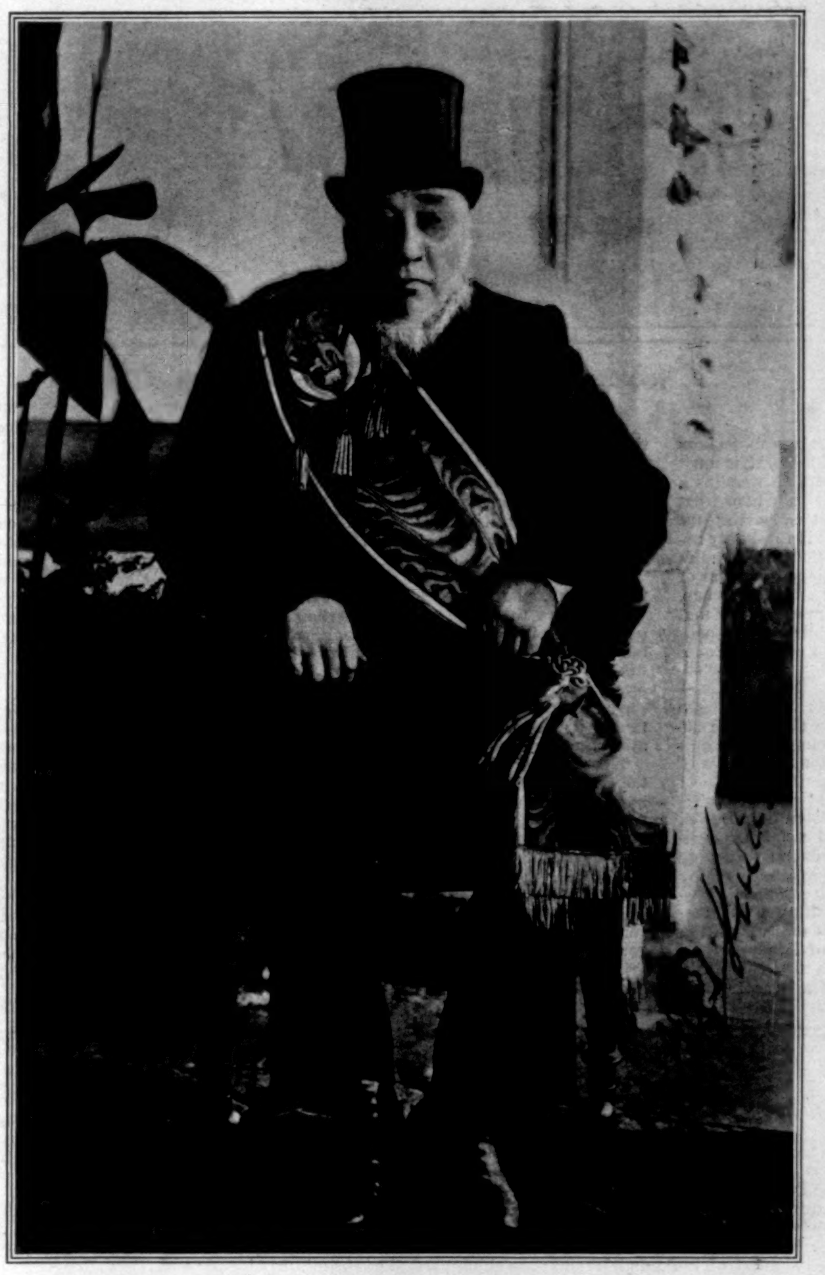
JOHN PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT

HERE is the man of the hour—the man of the coming year, maybe. Here is Goodman Kruger, Oom Paul, as seen by the eyes of his friends and an enemy or two in London town. He has never been an inconspicuous figure since first he was known as the "head man" of the South African Republic, now nearly twenty years ago; but the logic of recent events, of his own conduct, perhaps (or is it of Mr. Chamberlain's?), brings him forward as the man who is to be arbiter of the peace and welfare of the world for the next few months. Time, the great showmaster, is inexorable in his stage management. His leading men live but a little day upon the world's stage. So now the call-boy has announced that it is exit Dreyfus, enter Kruger, and it behooves us all to become as well acquainted with our new player, as is possible where his particular stage is so far away and so out of the reach of ordinary members of the audience. Although he too bids fair to play at tragedy, yet it will by no means be so pathetic as that other great drama just now closing.

There is a fine vein of comedy in all that concerns the simple but cunning old Dutchman—a comedy of the character which still makes the grim peasants of Shakspere the most mirth-provoking studies of the human species. Whether he appears in the guise of patriarch and prophet, and preaches to his people, from the pulpit of the state church at Pretoria, one of those wonderful sermons in which the experiences of wandering Israel are brought down to date and applied with amazing incongruity to the concession disputes of this little gold-mine government, or again in the character of one of the worldly rulers of to-day, and addresses a long telegram to his begrudgingly acknowledged suzerain, her Most Gracious Majesty, as "Dear Queen," a grim smile follows an account of all his actions.

I have been talking of late with many men who know him—fabulous-fortuned magnates of the Rand, South-African politicians, and casual Englishmen who in their grand tour have included the Transvaal, and, properly introduced, have shared the hospitality of good Mother Kruger's primitive board in the modest executive mansion at Pretoria—and if what I have learned of him weighs more heavily in the left-hand scale, it is through no intention of my own. But even the goodman's friends speak of him apologetically. They say that unless one is acquainted with the life of the Dutch burghers of the Transvaal one cannot realize their virtues, and only sees what seems to be their unprogressive stubbornness. But here is the gathered testimony. Let the verdict be your own.

Those who have seen Uncle Paul—as his devoted burghers love to call him—all agree that he bears well his threescore and fifteen years. They add, also, that to see him surrounded by his enormous family of some thirteen sons and daughters, innumerable grandchildren, and descendants even to the fourth generation is to dispel much of the incongruity which his assumption of the airs of a patriarch of old seems to produce. In spite of the increased dignity which his office has gained with the coming of civilization and wealth, through the discovery of gold, it has done little, it seems, to dispel the old-time manners of a common peasant with which Paul Kruger was born. The executive equipage and the guard of honor which attends it do not always contain or surround a personage whose dress could even be described as cleanly. Of smartness there would be no expectation. Yet one would think that a carriage might compel a collar, or a guard of honor a necktie. Yet it is the truth that his Honor of the Transvaal is often seen in public without either unnecessary attribute of fashion. One description rather brutally added the fact that he is a stranger to the uses of a handkerchief when suffering with a cold, his fingers serving instead, and that during one long interview which the speaker had with him he continually spat into the waste-basket near the conference table. The long, loosely fitting black frock-coat is often grimy with dirt, and the huge, lumpy black shoes often wholly innocent of polish. There are manners which go with this personal appearance, and have none of the little conventionalities of life to smooth them over. The old gentleman says always what he thinks, and never troubles to say what he does not feel, save perhaps in the larger conversations which make history. For, according to these critics, much discrimination is needed in taking in full many of his recent public protestations of affection for England and Englishmen, as well as his incessant pronunciamentos as an eternal adherent of peace. One would think that his visits to London might have shown him the benefits, if not the comforts, of the little amenities of life. But he is said to regard London and its products as a modern Babylonia, ripe for the destruction of an avenging Heaven. That he may be one of the factors in the destruction of this den of iniquity, and the people who live in it, is said by those who know him best to be one of the old gentleman's private beliefs in his holy destiny.



A THORN IN THE HAND OF DESTINY—PRESIDENT KRUGER AS HE IS TO-DAY; AN AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT.

No one gives him credit for intellectuality. His friends say that to a natural shrewd intelligence he adds the wisdom of years and experience. His enemies allege that to cunning malevolence he joins an outrageous hypocrisy of constant professions of religious motives. No one even gives him credit for much education. He can read and write the Dutch language of his people, but is said never to have ventured far into even the common domains of history and geography. The former he holds to be irreverent and useless wherever it disagrees with holy writ, and the latter unnecessary in good citizens, who should love their homes and stay in them. Too great a knowledge of geography has made the Englishman of to-day, or, according to his own famous statement, "The English care so little for their own homes that they have no hesitation in invading the homes of others."

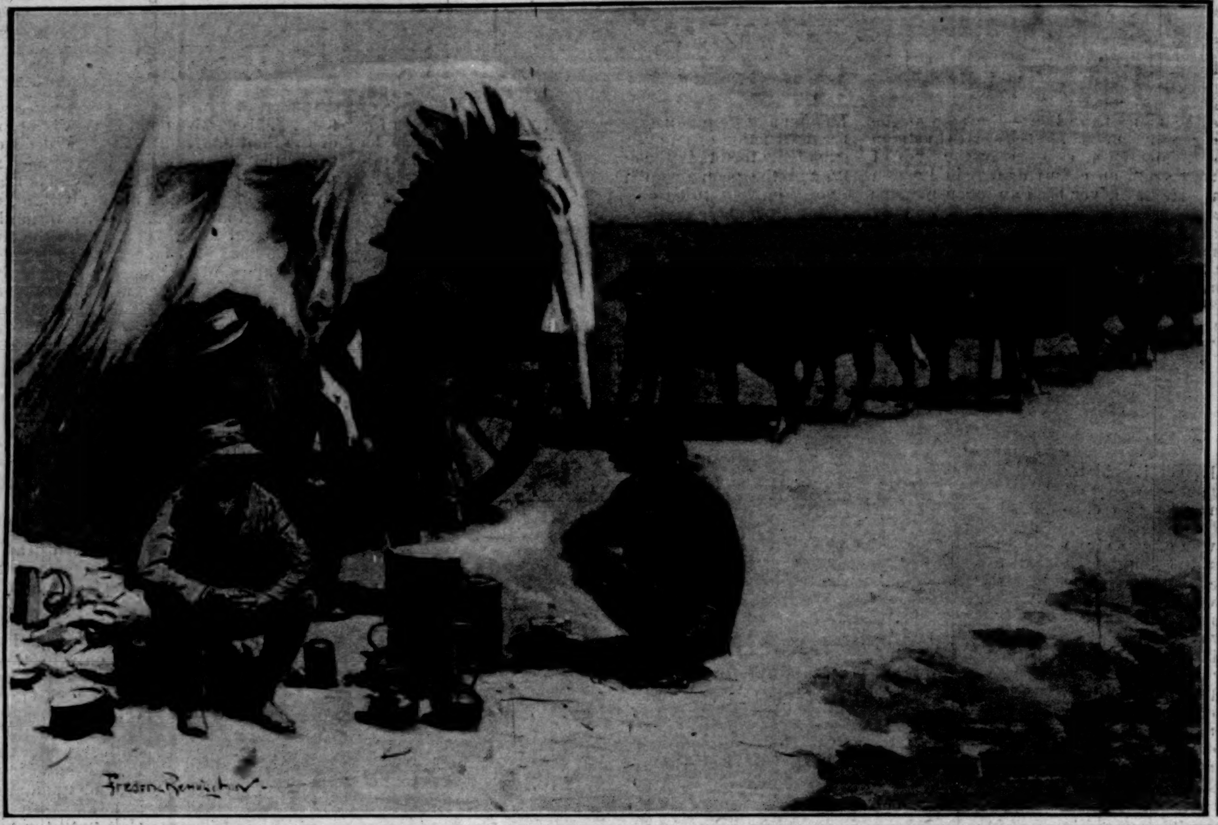
He pretends not to understand English. Whether this is an assumption of dignity such as makes the Sultan above the recognition of any language but his own, or the actual result of a lack of intellectual ability to master the difficulties of a foreign tongue, one must decide according to his inclination for or against the man. He confesses, however, that he once attempted to learn the language, and his method was as amusing as indicative of his general line of conduct. He carried with him, on board the ship which first brought him to England, a bible printed in both English and Dutch. He said that as this was the only book with which he was familiar, he thought he could easily learn the English equivalents of the Dutch texts which he knew so well. He made just as much progress as might be expected from his method, and finally told a fellow-traveller that the Word of God seemed to him to become profane in the barbarous tongue of King James's savants.

His biblical manner of speaking in parables is not wholly to be laid at the door of religious habits of mind, much as it may suit the patriarchal pose which he affects. This parable point of view is a pronounced attribute of the South-African native. Whenever a Kaffir wishes to say that he has made a big strike—that is, done a good piece of business—he generally says that he has killed an elephant, or perhaps, more civilized, that he has just slaughtered an ox. All his life, formerly more than now, Paul Kruger has associated with the natives. And from them he has taken on this habit of speech as well as the more important method of always doing business in an indirect way, of never attacking the question at issue directly, or conducting business in a straightforward manner. Not that any one often accuses him of material dishonesty. Those who attack say that his cunning mind imagines that more is to be gained if the bargain is circuitously arrived at, just as a native always sells his horse or his hunting spoil as the property of an extremely avaricious and hard-dealing friend. Those who defend aver that his Honor has learned by experience that the seemingly plain and outspoken language of English diplomacy often contains a world of unimagined meaning and unthought disaster; and that if his own conduct of affairs of state is tortuous instead of direct, it is because he is untutored in the art of direct deception and uses the best weapons he has at hand. Some explanation of this habit was necessary from his friends, because not only in the larger affairs of state is it impossible to get a direct yes or no from the Transvaal executive, but any one who has ever had in hand the negotiation of an ordinary franchise at Pretoria knows how impossible it is to depend upon any supposed understanding with the executive officials until the papers are formally signed and sealed.

This brings forward the large question of the President's personal honesty. Until lately no one ever suggested that he had amassed his very comfortable fortune by the prostitution of his office. The immense rise in the value of his land, as well as that of his fellow-countrymen generally, after the discovery of gold on the Rand, together with the salary of £7000 a year which he has received for so long and spent so sparingly, would fully account for his worldly possessions. Up to within the last year it may be held that he had kept his own skirts tolerably clean, however he may have winked at the smirching of those about him. For it was more than an open secret that all of the many concessions in which there has been such traffic in the Transvaal had to have their way bought through the Raad, or national legislature. Not only had the leading officers of state to be propitiated, but members of the Kruger family—the President's sons and sons-in-law—also expected consideration for the favor of their eminent relative's consent. There seems to be no doubt whatever that Kruger knew of this traffic in the conduct of his government; in fact, such deals have more than once come to light. Some may perhaps remember, a few years ago, that a great outcry was raised in the Raad because it became known that certain American applicants for a concession had made gifts of perhaps twenty American spider buggies to members of the executive as well as of the President's family. The protest is said to have originated with certain legislators who considered themselves slighted. The President then made his famous speech known as the spider's web. He said that he knew very well that the concessionnaires had made presents of spiders to his family and the officials of the government, but who would be so low as to suppose that the gift of a mere spider could entangle high citizens of the republic in the web of dishonesty?

It has only been the recent controversy over the dynamite monopoly which has brought forward accusations against the President's own honor. This concession promised to so raise the price of explosives necessary in the mines that the Uitlanders made a great cry about it, bringing it within the scope of negotiations between the Transvaal government and England. The bitterness with which the President held to his contentions, the broad and heavy arguments which he brought forward to defend the action of his government, saying, for instance, that it involved the very independence of his people, caused many of those concerned to allege that the President was personally interested in the vast profits to accrue. Only in this way, they said, could be explained his persistence in holding on to a measure the corruption of which had been so fully exposed. I think, however, in a spirit of justice to the venerable old Dutchman, who, whatever his faults, seems so far to have been an honest man, that an explanation of his conduct might easily be found in his hatred of the foreigners (Uitlanders—outlanders) who were most to suffer as a result of the rise in the price of dynamite.

Whatever increase there has been in the dignity of



BOERS IN CAMP.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

Kruger's office or his mode of life since the gold-seekers put the Transvaal in touch with the outside world, it must never be forgotten that for the most part he remains a citizen of perhaps the most backward government of what may be called modern civilization—that is, leaving out the ancient civilizations of the Orient. It is absolutely impossible for the average man to realize the primitive life of the people from which Paul Kruger is sprung, and of which he remains, with all of his years and experience, an exemplary type. It seems not too much to say that the citizens of the South African Republic are not only of a grade of intelligence comparable to ordinary Continental peasants, but go further, and are perhaps a complete reproduction of the German peasants of two hundred years ago. Kruger used to live on a typical farm on the Veldt. This is a life little above that of the aboriginal natives. The Dutch ideal of living is to have as much land as possible—certainly enough to put out of view your neighbor's chimney; to cultivate as little of this land as the most meagre household needs require, and that a household of the most primitive description, generally but two rooms—a kitchen and a common bedroom—for all the members of a large family; to devote the rest of the wild land to the pasturage of a few scrubby horses and cattle, and to live in the greatest idleness possible, sitting all day in the kitchen drinking a vile concoction of coffee. Of education there is still very little, although the contact with civilization of late years has demanded a slightly higher standard than used to prevail. There are now some schools. Formerly nearly all education was acquired from an itinerant schoolmaster, who went from house to house, and, in return for food and lodging, taught the children to read and write in Dutch. The virtues induced by this mode of life also abounded. There was no question whatever of the hospitality of the people. Visitors were made welcome to stay as long as they liked, to partake of the simple food, of which there was probably meat once a day and a few of the coarser vegetables, and to share a portion of a bed in the room where all of the family slept. Perhaps it was this ingrained indolence which made the Boers so opposed to innovations. For it is well remembered how bitterly the first proposition of a railroad through the Transvaal was opposed with the arguments that the ox-wagon had been the vehicle of God's people from time immemorial, and that any more rapid means of getting about would only assist the departure of the wicked—thieves, most likely.

This manner of living was brought by the Krugers to the Government House in Pretoria, and cannot be said to have been greatly changed by the dignities which progress has forced them to add to their outward state. Perhaps within the last few years good Tante (Aunt) Kruger has—as much in view of her advancing years as her Presidential dignity—taken servants into the house, but formerly all of the work was done by herself and her daughters. One gentleman, who described to me a visit to the Krugers, said that the door was opened for him by Mrs. Kruger with a kepi (a large sun-bonnet) on her head, her skirts tucked up, and an orange which she was sucking glued to her mouth. There were few additions to the mid-day executive dinner table which those of the country generally did not enjoy, but everything was very bountifully supplied. The daughters, who were described as slatternly, waited on the table, and their places have probably been taken by servants even less pleasant to a cultivated appetite. The meat is usually boiled, and the President is said to be particularly fond of turnips, which he eats raw as well as cooked. Here also coffee in large quantities is drunk, and is the only beverage. There is absolutely no social life beyond this—no gatherings of any kind among the people for amusement. When they meet it is either for business or religion, and one informally assured me that the religion was the most formal and unfelt religion he had ever seen. This might be expected where there is so little understanding. It is also probably a result of daily familiarity with the outward forms of faith. For where a people carry on their business and live their daily lives in an atmosphere of biblical analogy and quotation, religion must soon lose its sacred character.

The chief difficulty for the world at large, in appreciating the difficulties of which the foreign residents in the Transvaal complain, is any conception of the primitive character of the governing men who rule over them. An Englishman is quick to resent any restriction of his rights, even when a dweller in China. How much more is it to be expected that he will protest at ill treatment when he has invested his all and taken up his life in a quarter of the earth which, according to his views, is as much a portion of the great British Empire as Canada itself?

Chalmers Roberts.

Dewey in Washington

OCTOBER 3, 1899, will always be memorable in the history of Washington as the one day on which another man than the President of the United States held sway over the people. It was a graceful act on the part of President McKinley to volunteer his services as chief host in welcoming, as the temporary guest of the nation, the hero of Manila Bay. Probably the same honor has never been paid to any citizen of the republic, and none approaching it to a dignitary of lower rank than a President-elect. Presidents sometimes cast aside formality and claim the privilege of showing personal courtesies to friends in and out of official life, but this is the only instance recalled by the oldest observer where the Chief Magistrate of the nation has so completely waived his rank for the time in a festivity at the capital city. Even when Mr. McKinley makes way for his successor, he will retain his formal primacy down to the moment that the President-elect takes the oath of office.

Admiral Dewey's reception in Washington, though following that given him in New York, was planned a good while before it. The general expectation was that, in pursuance of almost immemorial practice, his first destination on returning to this country would be the seat of the Federal government, to report to his civil superiors, the President and the Secretary of the Navy. The central feature of the Washington celebration was, of course, the presentation of the sword voted to the Admiral by Congress, and around that the other details gradually grouped themselves as the plan was turned over in the minds of its projectors. The difference between the two celebrations, aside from their respective degrees of elaboration, is suggested by the inscription on the memorial arch at Madison Square and the significant words of the President in delivering the sword. New York's reception was a tribute typical of the gratitude of all that has made the United States industrially and commercially great, for the protection of our sea-coast against assaults from a hostile navy; Washington's demonstration was designed to typify the nation's recognition of its own enlargement by Dewey's act. New York's ovation was magnificent, as is everything of the sort undertaken by the commercial metropolis; Washington's was less grand, proportionally with the difference in the size and wealth of the two cities, but in another phase it represented more in epitome: A President and his cabinet bore the part which has been and will be taken elsewhere by Governors and Mayors; the chief marshal of the military parade was the Major-General commanding the army of the United States; and the sword presented to the hero of the day was the joint gift of all his fellow-countrymen.

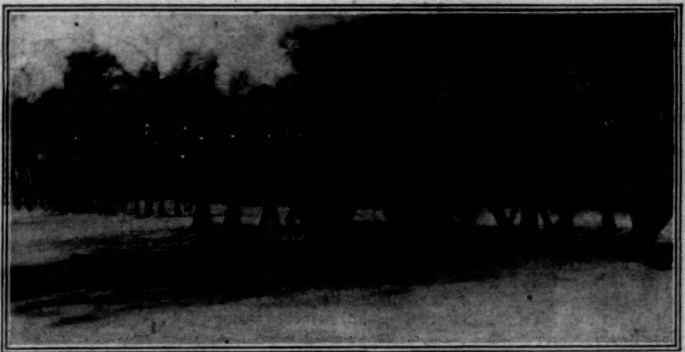
We are in danger, it seems, of killing our best beloved with kindness. It was a sorry commentary on the American pump-handle habit that the Admiral should have entered the city of hand-shaking *par excellence* with a right arm and wrist so swollen by his effusive greetings elsewhere that he was obliged to use his left hand for almost everything except the formal functions of reviewing. It was a nervous ordeal, also, through which he was put by the wild enthusiasm of the populace. Though a man of the world, George Dewey has always been a private rather than a public favorite. He has never sought the kind of adulation which is the life's breath of many a popular hero. Those who saw him as he stood on the portico of the Capitol, with his face toward the noonday sun, listening to words of praise such as perhaps had never been showered upon another American in his own presence, and scarcely able to hear them distinctly because of the continuous tumult of cheers from the people on all sides, may well have doubted whether he were not under a heavier strain than when he had faced the guns of an enemy. Throughout this trying period his bearing was a marvel of dignity and modesty combined. It was the common remark that he looked every inch the Admiral; and yet, in his keen appreciation of the beauty of his sword and his enjoyment of the oratorical points made by the speakers in reference to other subjects than himself, his emotions were as frankly transparent as those of a schoolboy. In the city which he left a Commodore (a rank now obsolete), and to which he returns an Admiral—a rank rarely created for the greatest heroes in our history—he will always be remembered as he appeared on that October day when he added a whole nation's hearts to his other trophies of victory.

Time's Flight

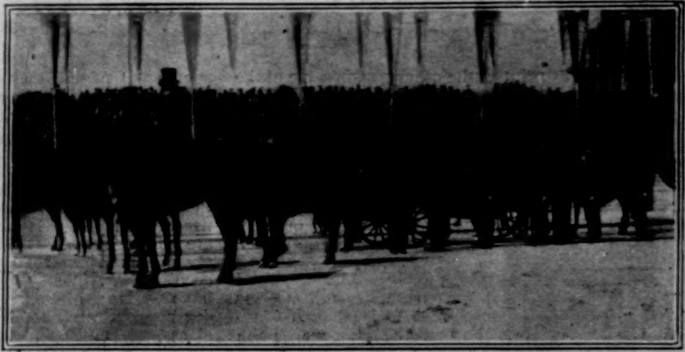
O ROSES of a thousand summers gone,
Young roses of the olden summers fled,
What were ye waiting in the hush of dawn,
Those living mornings in the old time dead?
What looked ye morn out from the East would bring,
Where on the skies your silken colors hung?
What hoped ye when the birds did chirp and sing,
Breaking sweet silence with a sweeter tongue?
Oh, well I know that then you did attend
While morn with happy pageant ushered in
Fair endless day that nothing might amend,
And youth's best thought thought youth did but begin.
But your rose banners streaming in the East
At night were furled, retreated in the West.

Fly on, swift Time, although thy flight be fleet,
Yea, though from thy fierce course thou never veer,
'Tis Time's swift flight doth make sweet youth more sweet,
'Tis Time's swift flight makes Time itself more dear.
Time's flight enricheth sunset's richest shows,
It gives the day's fair sky a fonder blue;
Time's flight doth add the wonder to the rose,
And turns to tears just water drops of dew.
What though it makes this real world but a dream,
Yet it doth make, no mortal need be told,
The golden, changing moonlight dearer seem
To mortal eyes than stores of changeless gold.
Old friends, old thoughts, old memories of things gone
Time's flight doth make, and so let Time fly on.

Williston Fish.

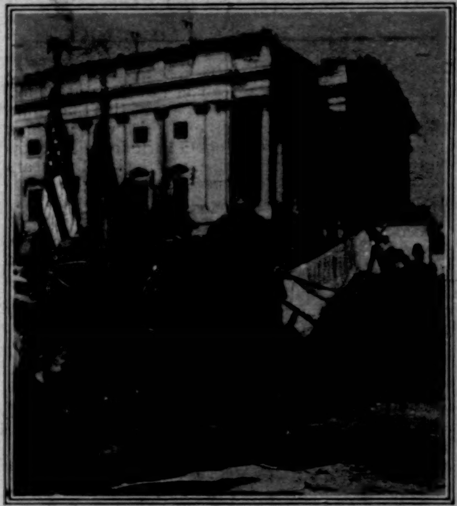


SIEGE ARTILLERY PASSING THE WHITE HOUSE.



A GREAT DEMONSTRATION FORCES DEWEY TO STOP HIS CARRIAGE AT THE TREASURY STAND.

SAILORS FROM THE "OLYMPIA" PASSING THE WHITE HOUSE.



MAJ.-GEN. MILES, U.S.A., REVIEWING THE PARADE NEAR THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON—THE RECEPTION TO ADMIRAL DEWEY AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILBERT MELVILLE.

An American Kruger on the Stage

A Colonial Problem of Colonial Expansion.

THE story of Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam, out of which Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Bronson Howard have made a play, is, curiously enough, much the same as that of a modern Dutchman, Oom Paul of the Transvaal, and, in fact, of all the scattered races that have come in contact with the spreading spirit of Anglo-Saxon rule. By the slightest possible stretch of analogy, it may be regarded as the ancient and universal story of all petty powers, since the world began, that have found themselves engulfed in the tide of expanding empire. A score of kingdoms in the Mediterranean some two thousand years ago were in very nearly the same predicament as regarded the world power of Roman sway. A little state, with its local individuality, its individual pride of independence, is honeycombed with the ideas and the spirit of the great new world about it, and a struggle ensues in which all that tradition holds dear is submerged in the great remorseless current of modern life. Some Frenchman or other, with the critical clarity of his kind, has said that a drama is properly the scenic presentation of a struggle between two antagonistic and irreconcilable currents of life, and its *dénoûement* the necessary outcome of the struggle. No deeper and more universal struggle is to be found, I suppose, than that embodied in peg-legged Peter exerting his stanch honesty, his human kindness, his whimsical will, his provincial intensity of purpose, against the deep half-conscious current of enterprise that made New Amsterdam into New York. And few themes have a stronger appeal to an American of to-day, both from its historical interest and from its significance in relation to the present currents of our life in sundry freedom-loving and highly individual Pacific islands.

Peter, the Match-maker.

By the happiest of dramatic inspirations, Messrs. Matthews and Howard have presented Peter on the stage in a situation that shows him at once in his private relations with his family and his neighbors, and in his broader relations with his little state and with the advancing spirit of British freedom and commerce—of British tyranny and greed, if you will. *Peter* (Mr. William H. Crane) is set upon marrying his niece *Anneke* (Miss Percy Haswell) to *Sir Reginald Farquhar* (Mr. William Courtleigh), in order to ally himself with the British in Long Island, and thus to stave off their encroachments on his sovereignty in Manhattan. At the same time he wishes, for private reasons, to marry *Conrad Ten Eyck* (Mr. William Ingersoll), the son of an ancient friend, to *Katrina van der Planck* (Miss Sandol Milliken), daughter of his chief councillor. With sublime confidence in his simple craft, he places these couples hand in hand, and blandly tells them to be good children and fall in love with each other. It so happens that *Anneke* has long been in love with *Conrad*, and that *Sir Reginald* has fallen in love with *Katrina* at sight, and a capital series of situations ensues in which the children upset all the sagacious Governor's plans for them under his very nose. These situations are conceived in a spirit of pure comedy, and are altogether the most effective I have seen in half a dozen years from an American playwright; they require to be judged by the high standards of dramatic literature. I am well aware that Mr. Howard at least has publicly declared that there is scant room for literature on the modern stage; and if by literature is meant all the arts of abstruse psychology and studied utterance that go to make up an academical play, I think that all candid people will agree with him. But properly speaking, these things are the furthest removed from true literature. To be literary in any sure sense, a scene has only to be the spontaneous, inevitable utterance of thought and observation. Every one is agreed, I think, that *Ophelia's* simple "No more, but so," is as purely literary as *Hamlet's* most exquisite discourse. It is only the vital flavor of life that is needed. This vital flavor is just what is wanting in the situations of comedy in "Peter Stuyvesant." Amusing as they are, they are conceived and worked out not in the spirit of life, but after the manner of the stage. In a word, they are theatric—excellently so; and for that reason they are not truly dramatic. I say this with a feeling of irrelevance, for I don't think many people have the sense of such distinctions; and I gladly subjoin that *Peter's* match-making so utterly charmed me and roused my admiration that while it was going on I had no time nor wish to think on them.

WILLIAM H. CRANE

In the Title Rôle of "Peter Stuyvesant."

Peter, the Statesman.

The unreality of the play is most clearly evident in the larger and similarly vital situations in which *Stuyvesant* is exerting his will to prevent the inevitable marriage of his little state to the Anglo-Saxon power around about him. In the first act or two, I gladly concede, the way is well paved for the development of this theme. The scenes in which *Stuyvesant* struggles to raise his burghers to a sense of something above stray cows and milk-pans, and at the same time, with the self-will of Canute, forbids the tide of English influence to rise, suggest the very essence of his predicament. But in the rest of the play the main motive is lost sight of. Two young men, who are of the stage stagy, go through a series of conventional scenes of chivalry, or something, that have little or nothing to do with the theme in hand. A writer of true dramatic instinct, I cannot help feeling, would have developed impartially the struggle between the two vital forces, and in so doing might have produced literature. Instead of this, we have only an occasional half-veiled partisan fling against the spirit of English colonial expansion. The play ends with a set speech, in which *Stuyvesant* theatrically prophesies the future greatness of Manhattan: it seems not to have occurred to any one that this greatness, such as it is, is the doing of the much-aspersed English colonial spirit, that Stuyvesant's New Amsterdam was obliterated to make way for New York. And, what is much more to the point, the pathos of Stuyvesant's defeat is quite lost sight of. The third and fourth acts, that might have brought the lift of large and gracious emotion, are frittered away in stage effects.

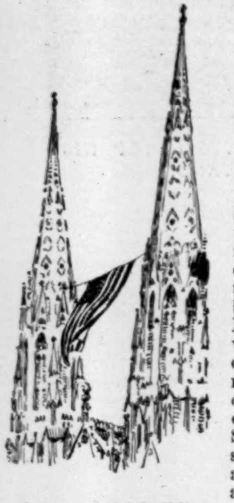
Miss Milliken and Mr. Crane.

As a production the play is admirable. The scenes and costumes are in excellent keeping, and the stage business, of which there is much that is diverting, has been scrupulously rehearsed. As *Katrina* Miss Sandol Milliken, hitherto the young lady of Mr. Donnelly's excellent stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre, shows a piquancy and audacity of charm that promise well for her future. *Stuyvesant's* volcanic will is perhaps more evident in its carefully arranged effect on the stage people than in Mr. Crane's demeanor; but his whims and irritability, his bluff honesty, and his deep inarticulate human kindness are admirably rendered. The part is likely to rank among his best creations.

JOHN CORBIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

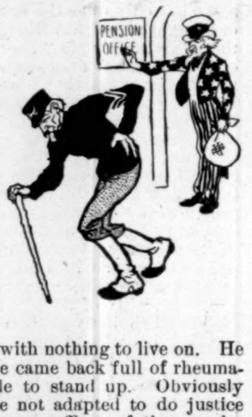
THERE was printed, the other day, in some of the New York papers the request of the National Society of New England Women that the churches of the city, and especially those on the line of the Dewey parade, should hang out the American flag in honor of the Admiral's home-coming. Whether this request had effect is not known, but the churches almost universally did hang out flags, and one of the interesting evidences of patriotic feeling to be seen in New York was the big flag displayed between the two tall steeples of St. Patrick's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.



Is not this display of flags on churches a custom of rather recent growth in this country? It is not more than ten years since the present writer noticed with interest the banners in some of the English cathedrals and the flag-staffs on their towers as tokens not to be seen in churches at home. If it is an innovation that came with the Spanish war, it seems one, on the whole, to be commended. In the last five years our use of our flag has increased prodigiously. In this State it flies over all the public schools, and a flag-staff is a very much more common adjunct to private residences and commercial buildings than it used to be. The campaign against Bryan involved an immense distribution of bunting, and the Spanish war made nearly every household bring out the flags it had, or supply its need if it lacked one.

WHAT happens to a soldier of the regular army who serves long and faithfully and is finally worn out and unfit for duty? He ought to have a pension proportioned to his disabilities and his services, and it ought to begin as soon as he is discharged and his pay stops. There should be no interval during which the deserving and helpless veteran remains without means of support.

Under our present pension laws the disabled veteran of the regular army seems not to get the relief he deserves. The attention of the WEEKLY has been called by a friend in the Inspector-General's Office in Washington to the case of a man living, or trying to live, at present, in San Pedro, California, who served twenty-five years in the regular army, was in the Cuban campaign, and, being worn out, was discharged for total disability at Fort Riley in December, 1898. He was then serving in the First United States Cavalry. He applied for a pension on January 15, 1899, and has not yet received it. The trouble is that this poor fellow, who has served as a regular in Indian wars and the Spanish war (and who apparently served in the civil war also), and whose record is perfectly well known, is treated as an applicant for a civil-war pension, and required to prove his claim by affidavits and through attorneys and by processes of which he knows nothing. He is turned out of the army, sixty-four years old, with a wife and three children, and with nothing to live on. He went to Cuba a well man; he came back full of rheumatism and malaria and unable to stand up. Obviously the present pension laws are not adapted to do justice to such cases as his. When an officer of the regular army is retired for disability, there is no intermission between full pay and the half-pay of his rank as a retired officer. When one stops, the other begins. So it ought to be with the regular soldier who breaks down as a result of hardships incurred in service. Provided his service has been long enough to entitle him to half-pay, he should get his half-pay, or whatever the government allows him, with as little delay and as little trouble as the commissioned officer does. Our friend in California will probably get his pension, in time, if he does not starve to death first, but it is evident that the law at present does not meet the necessities of his case as they should be met.



THE Boston *Transcript* lately printed an interesting letter from a correspondent in Montreal about the Doukhobers, whose coming to the Canadian-northwest was so widely advertised not many months ago. It will be remembered that the Doukhobers were Russians who believe in non-resistance, and were severely persecuted at home because they would not serve in the army. For a century or more they have held to their principles, at times being let alone and at other times being driven from their homes and treated with great harshness by the Russian government. Finally, through the influence of Tolstoi and others, leave was got for them to emigrate, and as they were represented as harmless and industrious people, the government of Canada offered to accept them and assign them lands.

It appears, if we may trust this Montreal correspondent, that the Doukhobers in Canada have not as yet improved on acquaintance. The process of digesting or assimilating them promises to prove more difficult than was expected. This informant of the *Transcript* says that considerably more than fifteen thousand Doukhobers and Galicians have taken up lands in the Canadian northwest during the past year, and that the Anglo-Saxon settlers of that region are heartily scandalized by their manner of life. The Galicians, of whom there are 10,000, are stigmatized as "flagrantly and openly vicious," and given to murder, robbery, and other violations of the criminal law. With the Doukhobers less fault is found, but they are criticised as being very deficient in personal decency, according to Canadian standards, and both Galicians and Doukhobers are declared to be incapable of realizing the meaning of free government and utterly unfit to have votes, so that it is proposed to disfranchise them until they know more.

It is doubtful whether more Doukhobers would be received in Canada at present. Yet, after all, their shortcomings, as specified, are only such as might have been anticipated. Viciousness seems not to be charged against them. They are coarse and ignorant. Of course they are. Russian peasant standards of modesty differ from ours, and of course these down-trodden peasants would be ignorant. If the Canadian spirit is as vigorous as the American spirit it must reach them in time, unless they form a community so much their own as not to be in contact with their neighbors. If the franchise is denied them until they learn to read, that will be no hardship.

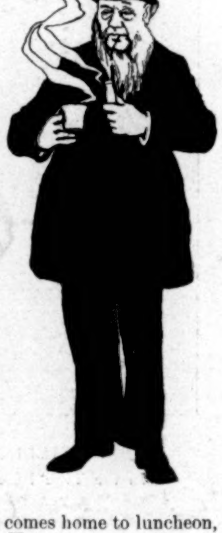
THERE are those who consider that the chief end of man is to get something for nothing. Few persons would acknowledge this as a part of their creed, but a great many live earnestly up to it. An instance in point is furnished by the state of facts which led the Old Colony Railroad to abolish its ancient custom of hauling the stockholders of the road to Boston free of charge on the day of the annual meeting. The custom originated in the just sentiment that stockholders who came to the annual meeting from out of town ought to ride free. But, once the custom was established, it was found that inconsiderate persons disregarded its intention, and looked upon it merely as an opportunity to be worked for all it was worth. Last year the road hauled more than 600 stockholders to Boston on meeting-day, and only nine persons attended the meeting. The rest went shopping. This year there were as many free rides, and twenty-five persons came to the meeting. The directors might have endured having the hospitality of the road abused, but so many persons held one or two shares of Old Colony stock for the express purpose of riding free once a year that the sending out of small dividend-checks four times a year became a nuisance, and so the custom has been abolished. It is sad that human beings should be constituted with so large an admixture of greed. No one, however, gets something for nothing any longer than the rest of the community can help. The prejudice against provision without an equivalent is just as strong as the propensity for acquisition without compensation. If any one doubts that, Wall Street stands ready to convince him.

THERE seems to be sufficient authority for believing that the person about whom Mr. Kipling says things in the poem in the current number of *McClure's Magazine* is Oom Paul Kruger, of the Transvaal. Mr. Kipling speaks, as usual, with a sense of complete conviction, and if it is really Oom Paul whom he has in mind, his views about him must be very decided.

> Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun;
> Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.
> Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
> Laying on a new land evil of the old.

Oom Paul will not feel complimented by Mr. Kipling's notice of him, but he seems a very hardy old man, and it may be he can stand it.

A recent record of his personal habits and characteristics, made by Mr. H. C. Hillegas, the author of *Oom Paul's People*, helps materially to an understanding of what manner of man he is. Mr. Hillegas says he is a man of method and follows a daily programme, from which he never deviates, unless he is away from home. He gets up at half past five, goes to his library, drinks several cups of intensely black coffee, and smokes several pipefuls of strong Boer tobacco. Then he spends nearly an hour in reading the Bible and in family worship. He has breakfast at half past seven. After breakfast he receives the members of the Volksraad and does business with them, getting through the heaviest work of the day. When they have gone, he steps out on his piazza and talks politics with his fellow-citizens, to whom he furnishes tobacco and coffee. At ten he goes in the state carriage to the Government House, a few blocks away, and stays there two hours, directing the affairs of state and seeing that things are properly done. At noon he comes home to luncheon, but is back at the Government House at two, and stays till five. From then until seven he receives the burghers at his house, and at eight he goes to bed.



"Suffer not an old king," cries Mr. Kipling, "for we know the breed." The old kings were masters of their job, and Oom Paul certainly is master of his. He governs his people, but, masterful as he is, they seem to like his rule. His biographer says that his hold on them is strengthened and maintained by his habit of talking politics with the burghers daily on his front stoop. It is not surprising that he should deal successfully with his own. What is astonishing is that this formidable old relic should be in a position to make Lombard Street suspend business while it tries to guess his weight. He seems to be exceedingly solid. A mind like his, backed by the capacity for coffee and tobacco with which his biographer credits him, is a serious quantity to deal with.

BISHOP POTTER'S recent deliverance about divorce, in his annual address before the diocesan convention in New York, has been a subject of profuse comment in the newspapers, yet it hardly seems to foreshadow a radical change in the policy of the Episcopal Church. The Bishop said that the inadequacy of the Episcopal canon on marriage and divorce was recognized, and recalled that its amendment had been considered without action last year. Meantime, he said, "events to which I need not more particularly refer here" had given the subject a new aspect, and bettered the prospect of ecclesiastical legislation which should prohibit the remarriage of divorced persons under any conditions whatever. "I am by no means sure," said the Bishop, "that such conclusion is not the wisest that we can reach at present;" but he added that such a remedy would be a very drastic one, and that a wider view of the whole subject would probably disclose that it was not the only remedy, and that if it was accepted as a final solution of the social problem it dealt with, the result would be disappointing. So the Bishop appears to be hardly ready, as yet, to advise the abolition of divorce in his Church.

As to the events which he did not more particularly refer to, but which had brought the subject of divorce too much to the fore, it is hard to see why those particular circumstances should be instrumental in securing a stricter canon, for no rule of the Episcopal Church, however strict, would have prevented those said events from occurring. The marrying in that case was not done by an Episcopal parson, but by a minister of another Church.

Moreover, the said events, on which the Bishop preferred not to dwell, seemed really far better adapted to make the defenders of the family take courage than show fear, for if ever events brought out the extreme inexpediency of divorce and remarriage on improper grounds, those events unquestionably did that thing. The appalling clamor that attended them was enough to make all restless wives deny themselves to visitors, lock themselves up in their coal-cellars, and give themselves up to repentance and prudent resolutions. One such scandal every five years might well avail more than many canons to keep crooked feet in straight paths.

ANOTHER matter besides divorce that Bishop Potter and his brethren considered was the status of Sunday-keeping in this Christian country. They viewed with sorrow and fear our propensity to ride bicycles, play golf, and have dinner parties on the Lord's Day, and they reminded us that no nation ever prospered that didn't keep Sunday.

Some nations that didn't know anything about Sunday seem to have prospered fairly in old times for considerable spells, but doubtless those nations don't count, especially as they all finally came to grief. However, the present paragrapher humbly admits his sympathy with the conviction of the Episcopal brethren that Sunday will bear more keeping than it gets in all quarters in America at present. And yet it is the hardest day of all the week to deal with. More people who aspire to do right are dissatisfied with their Sundays than with all the other days of the week put together. The old cast-iron rules of Sunday behavior have become so modified and weakened that it is no longer any fun even to break them. To keep them never was entirely satisfactory, though there was fair entertainment in old times in seeing that others kept them. Sunday-keeping nowadays is a patch-work of compromises between heredity and opportunity. Most of us have an inherited squeamishness about putting the day to ordinary uses of work or pleasure, and yet we allow ourselves vastly more latitude in its use than our venerated grandparents would allow us if they had us in hand. If we appreciate the value of spiritual refreshment, we try to get some on Sunday; if we don't, we try to get recreation; and if that eludes us, we try to get exercise. We ought to get all three, but especially the former two. Our chief danger is in trying to do too much, so that we go to bed on Sunday night worn out with our efforts to make the most of the day.

It may be doubted whether the reverend clergy are often the best judges of how Sunday ought to be kept by laymen. For them it is a working-day, and they are content if their strength proves equal to its exactions. But what it ought to do for the layman is to leave him in soul, mind, and body a better man than it found him. He tries pretty faithfully to get betterment out of it, and in very great measure he succeeds. He might do better still, but so the bakers might make better bread. A lot of ingredients go to the making of an ideal Sunday, and each of us takes such as he can command, and mixes them according to his capacity. Most harmless pleasures are permissible ingredients provided they are mixed in the right proportions and suit the needs of the consumer. Some of us may get too much bicycle or too much golf, or even too much church into ours, but bicycles, or even golf, are in themselves permissible ingredients provided they suit the consumer's needs. I don't take golf in mine, but prefer trolley-cars; you don't take bicycles in yours, but prefer music. We both take church, doubtless, but in moderation. We do our best, but our reverend brethren can help us more by teaching us skill in mixing our ingredients than by trying to deprive us of even such ingredients as are of disputed expediency, like golf.

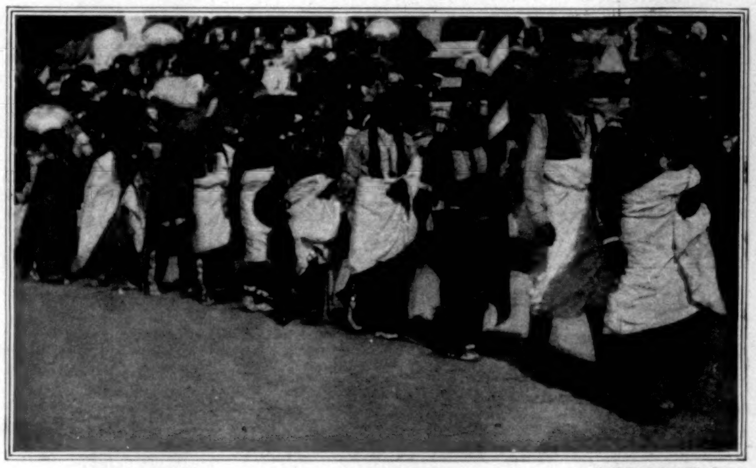
MASK DAY.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

WHILE New York was engrossed in the Dewey celebration, Denver was holding her fifth annual carnival, or "Festival of Mountain and Plain." On Monday morning, September 25, Governor Thomas opened the Street Fair. The pretty ceremony of the coronation of the carnival queen by King Argentum-Aurum took place at nine o'clock in the evening of the same day.

On Tuesday the progress of the queen, her retinue, and many of her subjects through the city in floral floats and carriages, escorted by military guard and music, occupied the afternoon. That evening the grand spectacular pageant of the slaves of the Silver Serpent wound its sinuous length through the streets in a long, luminous procession. There were fifteen floats, each heralded by a band of music, and preceded, surrounded, and followed by domino-clad link-men bearing white and colored torchlights and reflectors. In the wake of the Silver Serpent were representations of "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Miss Muffet," the "Faerie Queene," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and others. Tropical foliage, rich-hued butterflies, and wondrous flowers followed each other in bewildering confusion, till the spectators were carried for a moment into childhood's land of make believe.

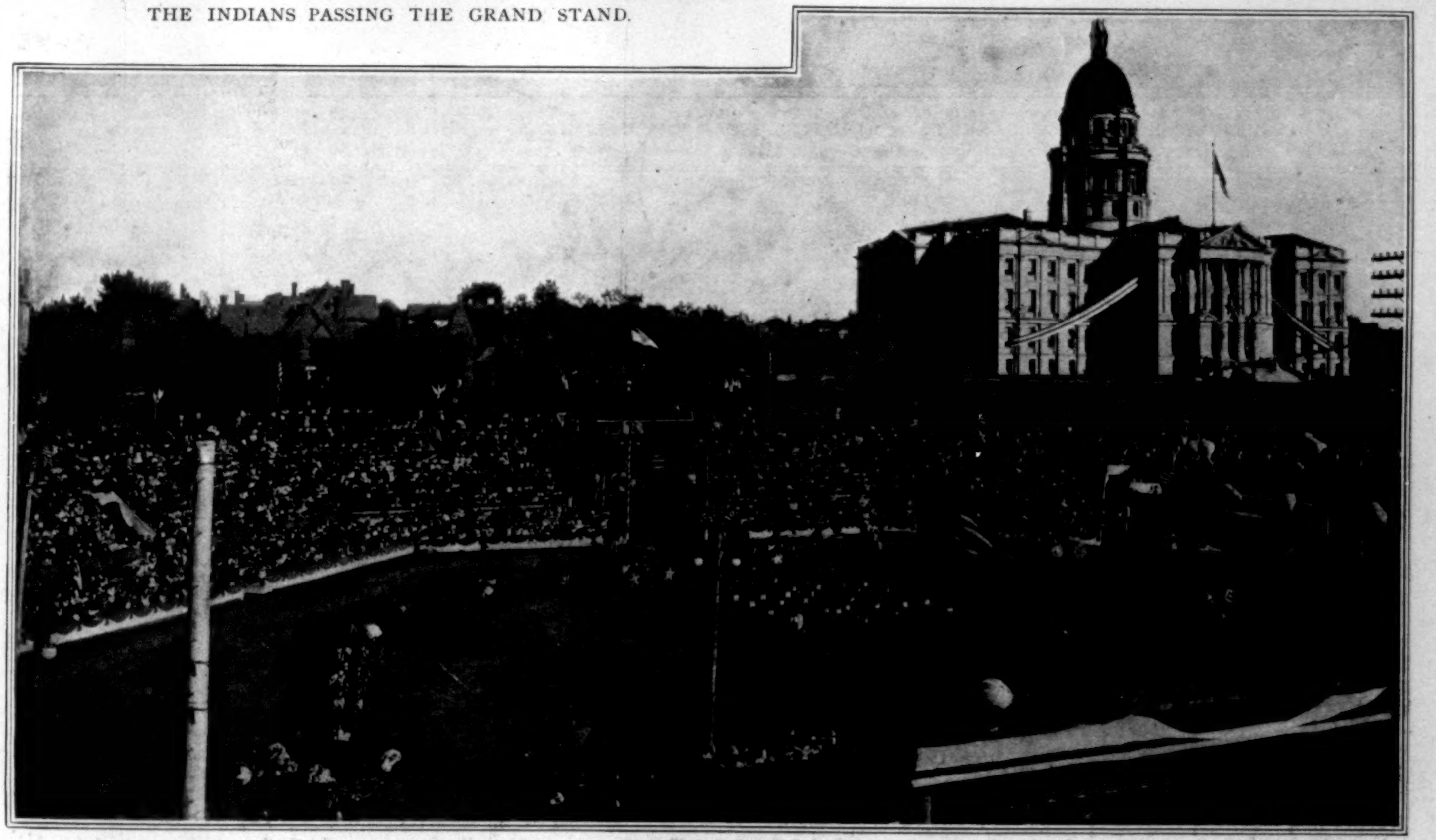
As the Serpent's pageant was the chief spectacular feature, so the ball and crowning of the queen of the slaves for the ensuing year, which followed this pageant, was an important event, in this case opening the season. Band contests, rock-drilling displays, a sham battle at the City Park, and illuminated run of the fire department in the evening occupied Wednesday. The masquerade and mask ball claimed Thursday for their own, while a first-class horse show occupied Friday and part of Saturday. A state ball in the grand-stand arena, opening at 8 P.M., of Saturday, closed the festivities. During the week all the principal buildings were draped in carnival colors, white and gold; the streets were illuminated at night by crossed strings of gold and white bulbs, topped by arc-lights, and the State Capitol, brilliantly outlined, showed the word "Welcome" blazing from the base of the dome.



Chief Buckskin Charlie.

THE INDIANS PASSING THE GRAND STAND.

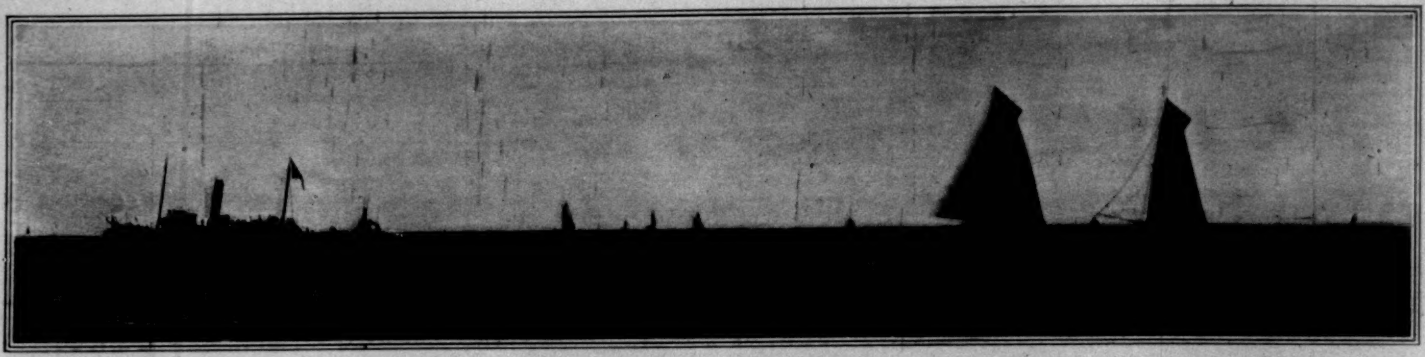
CHIEF ROBERTS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.



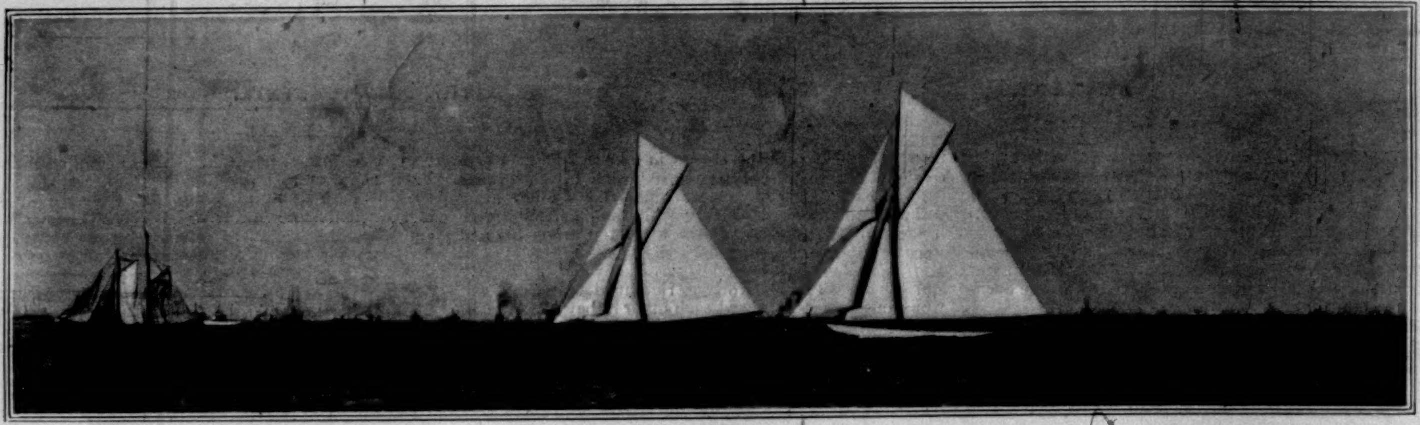
GENERAL VIEW OF GRAND STAND—STATE CAPITOL IN BACKGROUND.

DENVER—THE FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN, SEPTEMBER 25-30.

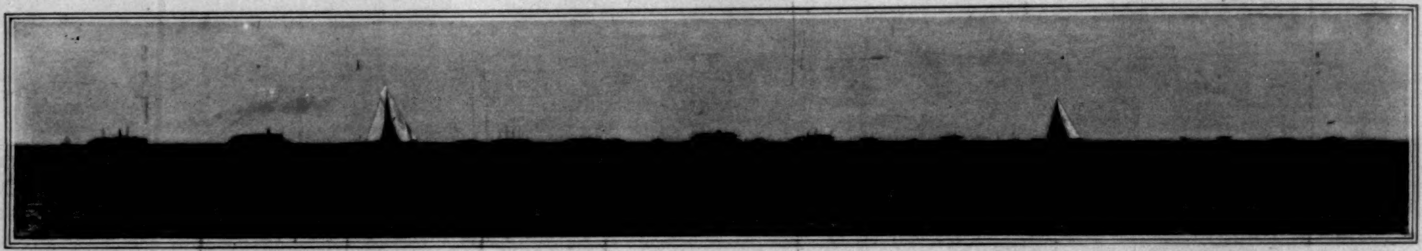
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES B. BROWN, JR., OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.



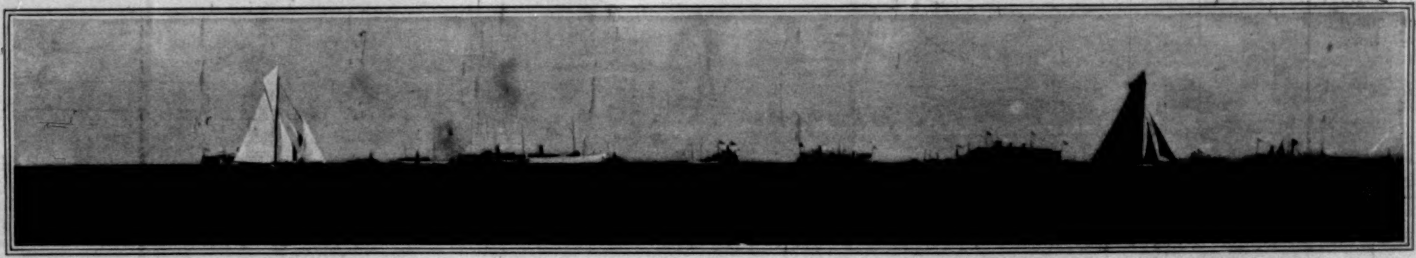
THE START—"SHAMROCK" LEADING WITH SPINNAKER UNBROKEN.



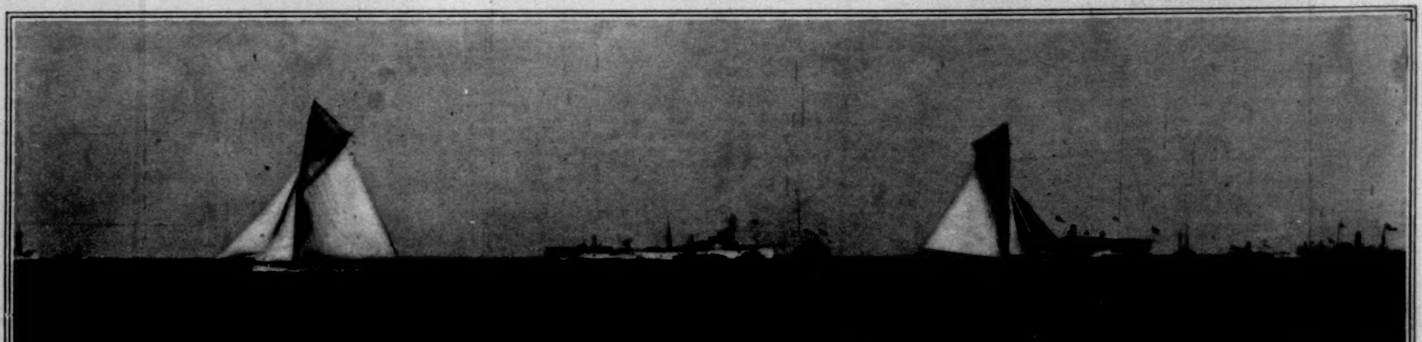
"COLUMBIA" PASSING "SHAMROCK" AT 11.35.



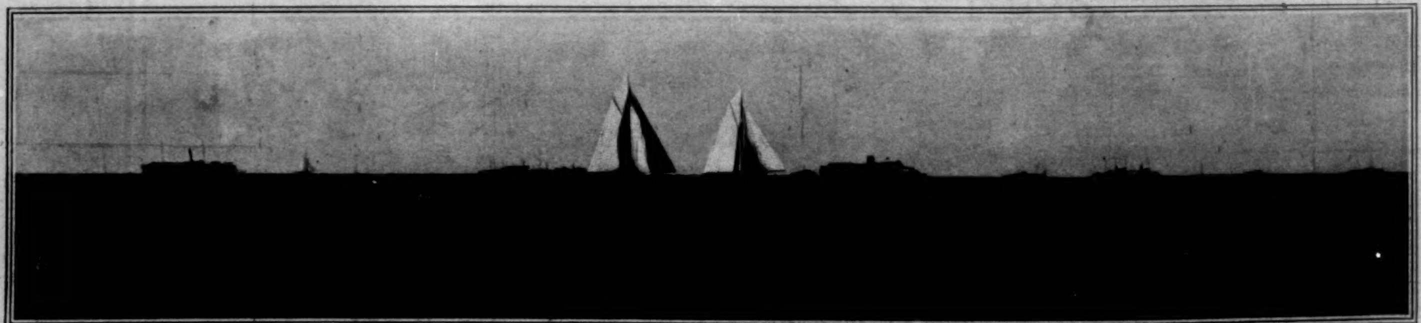
"SHAMROCK" LEADING "COLUMBIA" ON A RUN BEFORE THE WIND AT 12 O'CLOCK.



"COLUMBIA" ROUNDING STAKE TWO MINUTES AHEAD OF "SHAMROCK"—LOWERING BALLOON-JIB TOPSAIL.



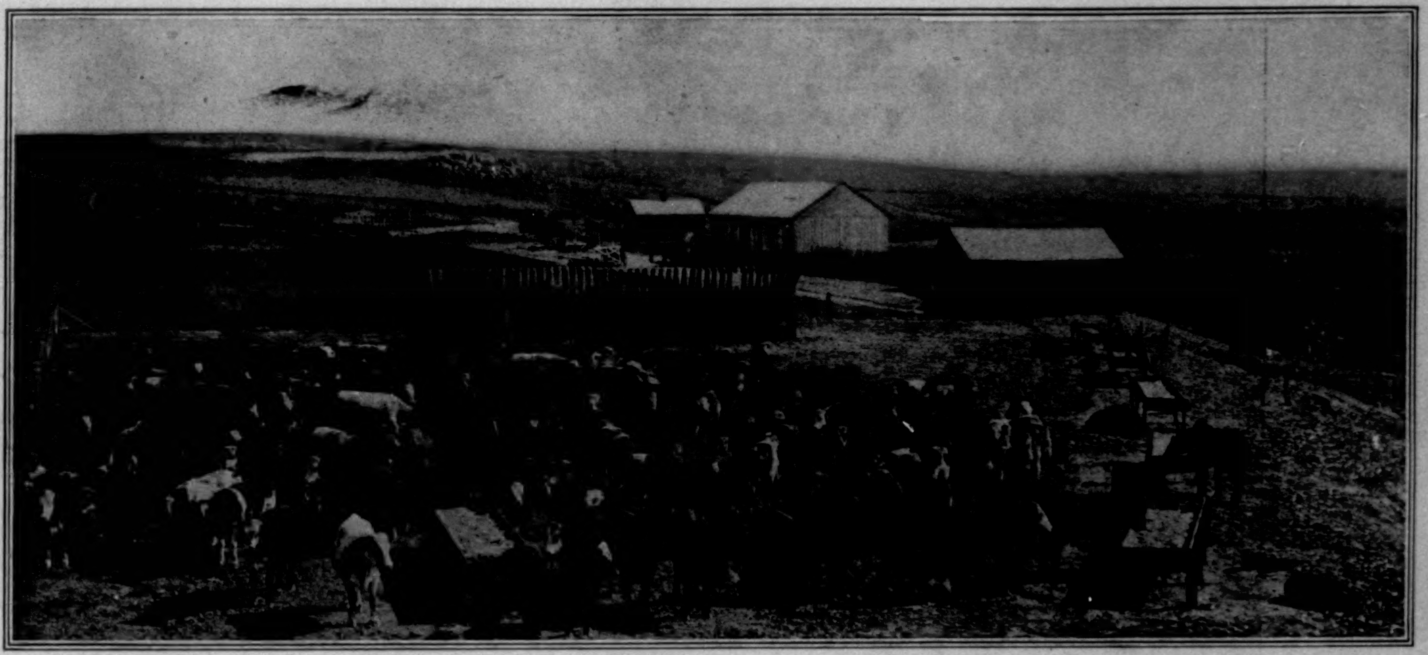
"SHAMROCK" ROUNDING STAKE.



THE BOATS THREE MILES FROM THE FINISH, TEN MINUTES BEFORE RACE WAS CALLED OFF.

THE FIRST TRIAL FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP—THE YACHTS AT WORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.



HERD OF PRIME TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF MEAT

EARLY last August the price of beef was suddenly advanced from ten to thirty per cent. in all the markets, to the consternation of the retail dealer and the consumer. Every one eats meat, and every one's pocket was instantly and disagreeably affected. There was no apparent reason in the East for such a spectacular rise in prices, and it was inevitable that the trust bogie, which may yet be blamed for the failure of the peach crop, should at once be singled out as the cause of all the trouble. In New York the butchers even went so far as to discuss, seriously, the advisability of forming an association through which they might obtain their cattle direct from the ranches of the West, and slaughter them in opposition to the Chicago "beef barons."

But it was not a trust that advanced the prices of meat; the change was the result of the remarkable condition of prosperity, growth, and expansion in the great West. Indeed, there could be no better indication of the return of good times than this very advance in the price of meat, for no other commodity is so sensitive to the financial condition of the people. With the appearance of hard times, and the necessity of economy, the average American saves first on his meat bill—he buys cheaper cuts, he eats more mutton and pork and less beef; he lives on corn meal and wheat flour. The statistics of the Department of Agriculture show that three times as much mutton was consumed last year in proportion to the population as was consumed in the years of plenty during the late 80's. With the return of prosperity, however, the demand for beef, and for the choicest steaks and roasts, at once began to increase, and this demand has had a natural tendency to force the price upward.

If, however, this were the only cause of the recent advance, there might be ground for accusing the great packers of the West of manipulating prices. But it is only one feature in the present remarkable development of the cattle industry; for not only has the demand of the consumer increased, but the supply has actually been decreasing for years. On January 1, 1890, there were in the United States, according to the Department of Agriculture, 36,849,024 head of cattle, or 589 to every 1000 of population. By 1895 this number had decreased by upward of 2,000,000 head, the total being 34,364,216. This would mean about 490 head of cattle for every 1000 of population. From that time down to the present year the number fell off by nearly 2,000,000 head annually, dropping to a little more than 32,000,000 in 1896, 30,508,408 in 1897, 29,264,000 in 1898, and 27,994,225 in 1899. At present, therefore, counting the population of the United States at 75,000,000, there would be only 373 head of cattle to every 1000 of population. Since 1892 the number of cattle has decreased by fully 10,000,000, or nearly 27 per cent. At the same time the number of swine has decreased from over 51,000,000 in 1890 to 38,651,631 in the present year. The number of sheep also fell off between 1890 and 1897, and then began to increase, being over 2,000,000 greater in 1899 than in 1897, showing that people were consuming more mutton.

This enormous decrease in meat-producing animals was not especially apparent during the prevalence of hard times, but the return of prosperity and the renewed demand for better food suddenly caused a shortage, and a consequent rise in prices. And the advance which the consumer paid did not go into the pocket of the packer nor of the middle-man—it went directly to the stock-raiser who had cattle to sell, and it has gone far toward swelling the present remarkable wave of prosperity in the West.

Statistics will show this condition exactly. On August 10, 1897, the best price paid by the packers in the open markets of Chicago and Kansas City for choice Western cattle on the hoof was $4 80 a hundred pounds, which would mean a cost of 7.9 cents a pound for prime beef. A year later, on August 10, 1898, the packers were forced to pay the stock-growers as high as $5 25 a hundred pounds, or 8.5 cents a pound for prime beef. On August 10 of this year the price for the best grade of cattle had gone up to $6 20 a hundred pounds, making prime beef cost 9.25 cents a pound. In other words, the "beef barons" were compelled to pay to the stock-raiser $1 40 more per hundred pounds for cattle in the open market in August, 1899, than they paid in August, 1897.

In the case of a 1500-pound steer the packer would pay $21 more in 1899 than he did in 1897. But the edible portion of an animal is only 58 per cent. of the whole; that is, there are 870 pounds of good beef in a steer weighing 1500 pounds. The advance must therefore be spread over the 870 pounds, which would increase the advance from $1 40 per hundred for the live animal to $2 41 for the edible parts.

Very naturally the packers and slaughterers, being compelled to pay more for beef, charged more for it. Indeed, a representative of a large packing-house informed me that his company actually lost money on some of its sales, because it did not raise its prices fast enough to keep pace with the rise in the price of stock. The retail dealers were equally slow about putting up their shop prices, for fear of losing trade; they kept comforting themselves with the hope that beef would soon go down again. And thus, two months ago, when the demand began to be sharp, they were compelled to put up their prices suddenly, to the consternation of the consumer.

In this connection it may be well to observe that most of the retail advance has been made on the choice cuts of the beef—the roasts and the steaks—the food of the rich man, whereas the percentage of increase on the poorer cuts, the food of the great middle classes, is small.

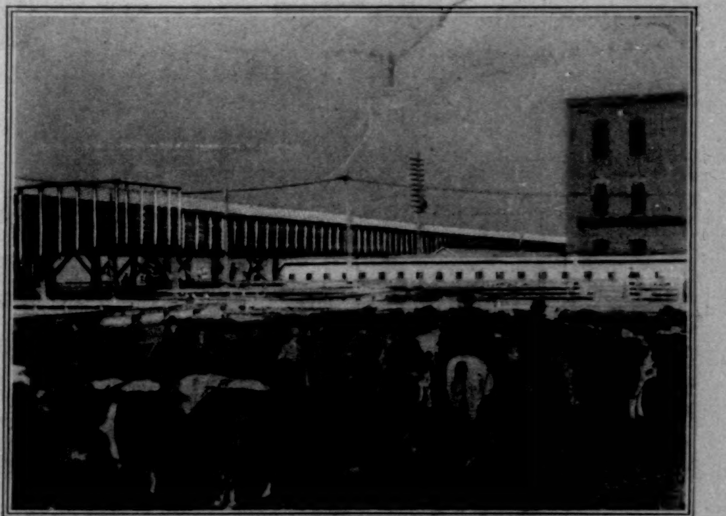
There are several reasons why the number of cattle has been decreasing. The first and most important of these is the failure of millions of acres of grazing-land in the West, because of its having been over-pastured. On some of the semi-arid ranges the grass has actually been eaten out, roots and all, and the stock-men are compelled to drive their herds far into almost inaccessible valleys among the mountains. Sheep have also been crowding the cattle out, and settlers are coming in and fencing the ranges.

In seven years the great cattle State of Texas has suffered a decrease in its herds of 2,500,000 head, or nearly a quarter of the whole decrease in the United States. Cuba has also lost heavily, owing largely to the war. In 1895 she had 860,000 cattle, and now she has fewer than 25,000. And the decrease still continues all over the country, in spite of higher prices and greater demands.

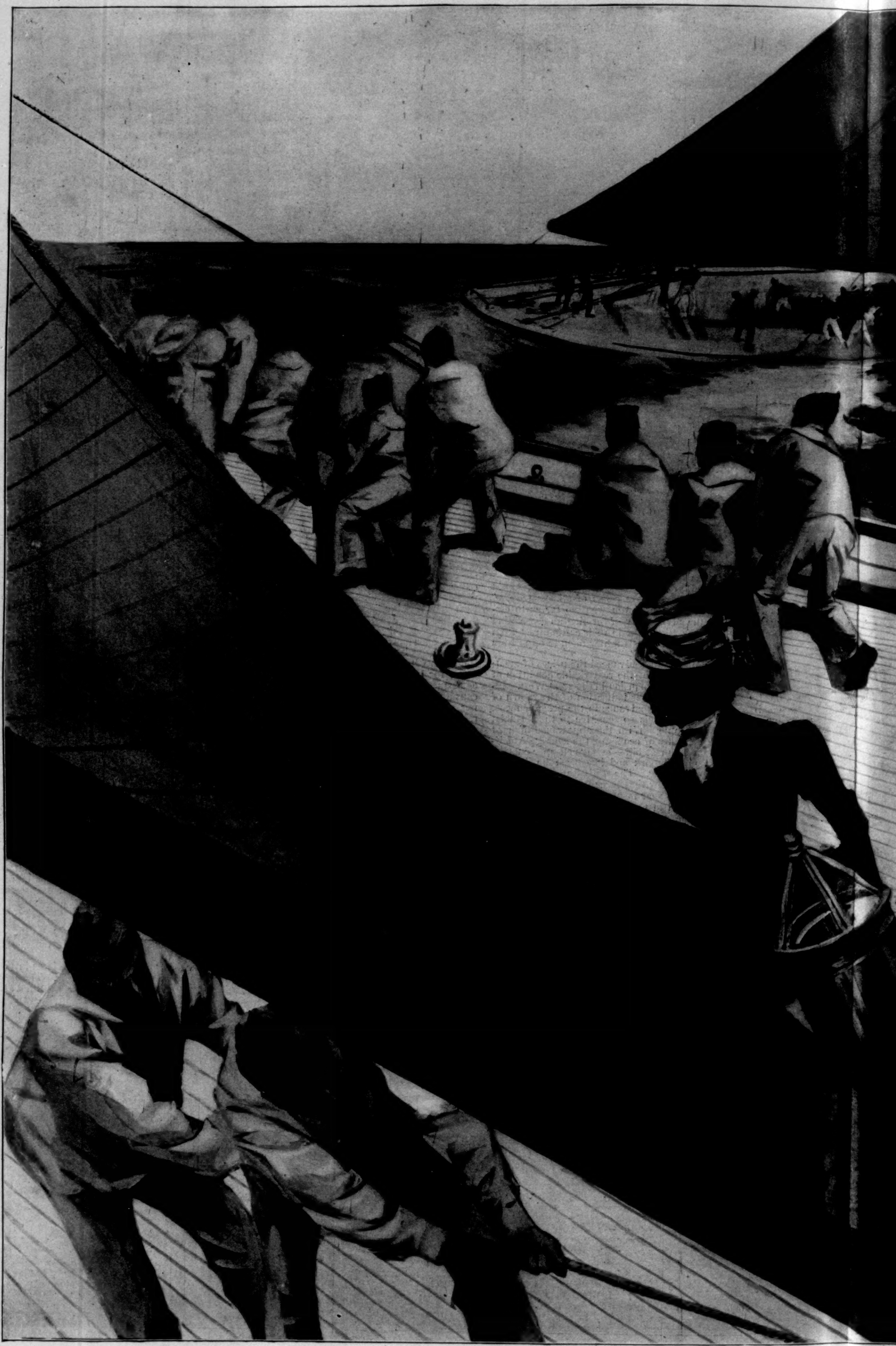
All this would seem to indicate at first glance a very unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of the cattle industry, but the facts show quite the contrary. The cattle business has never been more prosperous than it is at this moment—indeed, its prosperity is hardly short of amazing. It is just at the edge of a new era. The day of the vast range herd is past, and the day of the small herd, carefully bred and judiciously fattened, has come. In reply to a question as to the conditions in Wyoming, Senator Francis E. Warren, of that State, has this to say of the cattle industry:

"The live-stock business in the West was never on a more substantial basis. The industry is rapidly passing from large to small holdings. The big herds formerly

CLIPPING A STEER TO FIND THE BRAND.

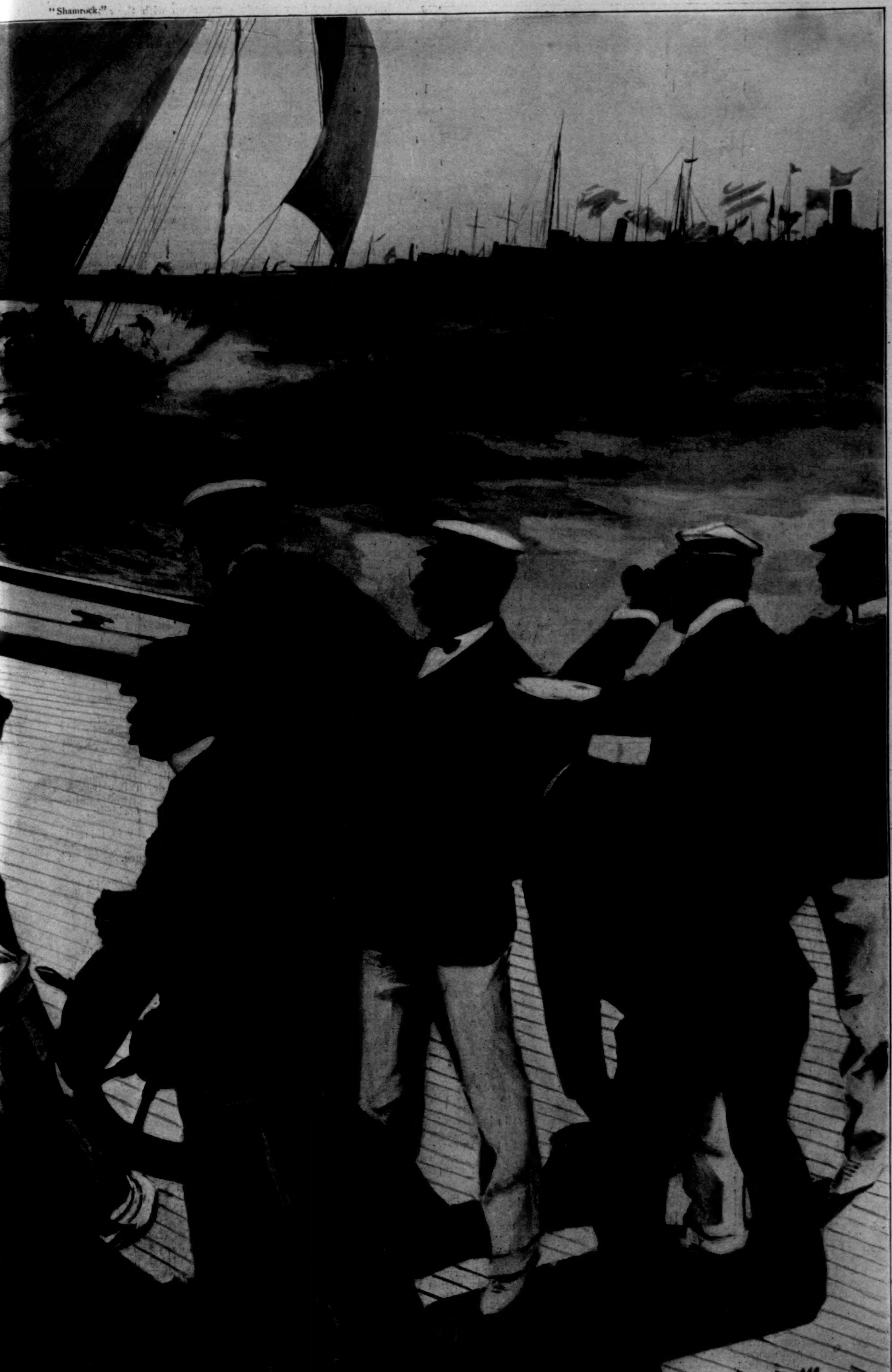


IN THE CHICAGO STOCK YARDS.



THE FIRST TRIAL FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP: MANŒ

DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIS


"Shamrock."
T. DART WALKER
Captain Barr.
C. O. Iselin.
Nat. Herreshoff.

ANŒUVRING FOR THE START—A CLOSE SHAVE.

ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

FEED-LOT WITH HEREFORD COWS AND CALVES.

ranged upon the open plains are being divided into small ones, and are now owned by many small ranchmen in place of a few large ones. The cattle are ranged upon the free grazing-lands of the plains during summer, and pastured and fed during winter. This method of conducting the business eliminates the risk and speculative features which characterized the earlier history of the live-stock industry, and, combined with farming, makes it one of the most substantial and profitable of the industries of the State."

The long-horned, wild-eyed, gaunt Texas steer, so familiar to the markets a few years ago, is passing away, and his place is being taken by the plump, hornless, corn-fed animal of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. This year there will be the largest crop of corn in the history of the country.. The farmers of the corn States will raise nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels of it, and the value of it will exceed $500,000,000. Corn cannot be shipped the world over and sold like wheat, and so it must be converted into beef, pork, and mutton, and here is where the farmer makes his great profits. In the fall he buys a large number of cattle, brings them to his farm, fattens them on his corn, and sells them a few months later at a big advance, and they have left behind the fertilizer which will make his fields produce another big crop. A single instance will illustrate this business and its profits. On September 20 an Indiana farmer sent seventeen head of cattle to the Chicago Stock Yards market. They had been fattened on corn, and they averaged 1586 pounds. There was lively bidding for them, and they finally sold for $6 90 a hundred pounds—the highest September price paid in fifteen years. The average price per steer was, therefore, $109 43, and they yielded a large profit to the grower. In this way the farmer made his corn crop highly valuable.

Indeed, so important has the business of fattening cattle become in the corn States that the stock-raisers actually buy poor-grade cattle in the open stock-yards market at Chicago, ship them out by rail, feed them well for three months, and bring them back at a considerable profit.

Recently Chicago has been sending from 7500 to 10,000 cattle a week in this way to the farms. Not only that, but Illinois and Indiana stock-men have actually been shipping cattle to the West from Virginia—bringing the cattle to the food instead of sending the food to the cattle. This is a comparatively new development of the industry, and at the present high prices for beef it means immense profits to the actual producer.

Few people have any realization of the enormous volume of the cattle business, or how many persons are affected by an improvement in conditions. In general, every farmer is a stock-raiser, although possibly on a small scale. On January 1, 1899, according to the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, the United States possessed nearly 44,000,000 head of cattle, of which about 16,000,000 were milch-cows. At a valuation of $29 66 for the cows and of $22 79 for other cattle, the total property would reach the enormous sum of over $1,100,000,000. Of this, Texas is the heaviest sharer; then comes Iowa, and then Missouri. Both corn and wheat raising are great industries, but they pale in comparison with the cattle business. A year's crop of corn in the United States has a value of about $500,000,000, and that of wheat, $400,000,000, more or less, but there is never a full crop of either on hand, because the consumer begins to eat the wheat and corn, and the exporter begins to send them out of the country, as soon as the harvest is over. The value of both wheat and corn on hand at any one time, then, is only a very small percentage of the value of the cattle on hand.

It will be seen, therefore, that the return of good times to the stock-man means a much wider distribution of the fruits of prosperity throughout the country—indeed, a much more favorable condition all over the nation—than a single good wheat or corn or cotton crop. And not only is the cattle-man himself profiting by the rise in prices, but the railroad man is doing more business, for after bringing the lean cattle to market he may freight them out to the farmer to be fattened, and then back again to the market, whereas in ordinary times he might move them only once. In the same way the boom in cattle means better business for the slaughterers and packers, and for the great numbers of men engaged in the business. In Chicago alone 40,000 men are employed in the packing-houses, and the average annual output is valued at more than $250,000,000. And the farther the price goes up, the more money will flow into the country, for we feed half the great nations of the earth from our surplus. During 1898 we sent abroad nearly 500,000 head of cattle, to say nothing of 37,000,000 pounds of canned meat, 275,000,000 pounds of fresh meat, and nearly 45,000,000 pounds of salt beef. One London agency of a Chicago plant handled, during 1898, 423,764 quarters of beef, 11,725,045 pounds of pork product, and 79,100 pigs, bringing upward of $10,000,000, nearly all from Great Britain and Ireland. The cable advices of late September quoted choice American steers in the London and Liverpool markets at 12 and 13 cents per pound, estimated dressed weight, compared with 9¼ to 10¼ cents for the corresponding week of 1898. Two and a half cents a pound advance on the millions of pounds exported means an enormous increase of money flowing into the United States, and going at that to the producer. And with more money and more business activity the wages of the ordinary workman and the non-producer must go up, as they actually have been going up for months past—sometimes at the end of a strike, but more often without it. And with more wages the workman can buy more good meat even at a higher price. Beefsteaks cost more than they did a year ago, but the country can better afford to pay for them. Thus the great chain of prosperity is completed in another line. And the end of the advance is not yet in sight. The cattle-raiser has much profit yet before him, and the packer will yet be instrumental in bringing still larger sums of money into the country from foreign lands. The well-known authority *The Breeders' Gazette* says of the present condition of the cattle industry:

"With excellent export markets, a home demand that is almost unprecedented, and constantly decreasing supplies, those who study the conditions most closely can see nothing but high prices for some time in the future."

RAY STANNARD BAKER.

MR. DOOLEY[*]

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE DREYFUS CASE—IV. BERTILLON & COMPANY

WELL, Hinnissy, to get back to Rennes. Whin I left off, th' air was full iv rumors iv an approachin' massacree. It was still full at daybreak. Exthraordiny measures was adopted to provide again' disturbance. Th' gyard was doubled, an' both polismen had all they cud do to keep th' crowd in ordher. Th' English an' American journalists appeared at th' thrile wrapped up in th' flags iv their rayspictive counthries. All th' Jews, excipt th' owners iv anti-Jew papers fr'm Paris, wore heavy masks an' kep' their hands in their pockets. At four o'clock th' prisidint called th' audjience to disordher, an' havin' disentangled Gin'ral Merceer an' a former Prisidint iv th' raypublic, demanded if Moosoo Bertillon was in th' room.

"Here," says that gr-reat janius, descindin' fr'm th' roof iv a parachute. Ye know Bertillon. Ye don't? Iv coorse ye do, Hinnissy. He's th' la-ad that invinted th' system iv ditictive wurruk med aisy that they use down in th' cinthral polis station. I mind wanst afther 'twas inthrojooced th' loot says to Andy Rohan—he's a sergeant now, be hivins!—he says: "Go out," he says, "an' fetch in Mike McGool, th' safe robber," he says. "Here's his description," he says. "Eyelashes, eight kilomethres long; eyes, blue an' assymethrical; jaw, bituminous; measuremint fr'm abaft th' left ear to base iv maxillory glan's, four hectograms; a r-red scar runnin' fr'm th' noomo-gasthric narve to th' sicond dorsal verteebree," he says. 'Tis so; I have th' description at home in th' cash-dhrawer. Well, Andy come in about six o'clock that night lookin' as though he'd been thryin' to r-run a fut-race acrost a pile iv scrap ir'n, an' says he: "Loot," he says, "I've got him," he says. "I didn't take th' measuremints," he says, "because whin I pulled out th' tape-line he rowled me eighty hectograms down th' sthreet," he says. "But 'tis Mike McGool," he says. "I don't know annything about his noomo-gasthric narves," he says, "but I reco'nized his face," he says. "I've r-run him in fifty times," he says.

Bertillon, besides bein' a profissor in ditictives, is a handwritin' expert, which is wan iv th' principal industhrees iv Fr-rance at th' prisint time. He was accompanied be a throop iv assistants carryin' a camera, a mutoscope, a magic lanthern, a tib iv dye, a telescope, a calceem-light, a sextant, a compass, a thermometer, a barometer, a thrunkful iv speeches, a duplicate to th' Agyptian obelisk, an ink-eraser, an' a rayceipt f'r makin' goold out iv lead pipe.

"Well, sir," says Bertillon, "what d'ye want?"

"Nawthin'," says th' Coort. "Didn't ye ask to be called here?"

"No," says Bertillon. "An' ye didn't ask me, ayther. I come. Ye said jus' now, why do I believe th' Cap.'s guilty? I will show ye. In the spring iv ninety-five or th' fall iv sixty-eight—I disraymimber which—Gin'ral Merceer—"

"Ye lie," says Gin'ral Merceer, coldly.

"— called on me, an' says he: 'Bertillon,' he says, 'yeer fam'ly's been a little cracked, an' I thought to ask ye to identify this letther, which I've jus' had written be a frind iv mine, Major Estherhazy,' he says. 'I don't care to mintion who we suspect, but he's a canal Jew in th' artillery, an' his name's Cap. Dhreyfuss,' he says. 'It's not aisy,' I says, 'but if th' honor iv th' ar-rmy's at stake, I'll thry to fix th' raysponsibility,' I says. An' I wint to wurruk. I discovered, in th' first place, that all sentences begun with capitals, an' they was a peryod at th' end iv each. This aroused me suspicions. Clearly this letther was written be a Jew. Here I paused, f'r I had no samples iv th' Cap.'s writin' to compare with it. So I wrote wan mesilf. They was much th' same. 'Sure,' says I, 'th' Cap.'s guilty,' I says. But how did he do it? I thried a number iv experiments. I first laid down over th' letther a piece of common tissue-paper. Th' writin' was perfectly plain through this. Thin I threw it on a screen eighteen hands high. Thin I threw it off. Thin I set it to music an' played it on a flute. Thin I cooked it over a slow fire an' left it in a cool airy place to dhry. In an instant it flashed over me how th' forgery was done. Th' Cap. first give it to his little boy to write. Thin he had his wife copy it in imitation iv Macchew Dhreyfuss's handwritin'. Thin Macchew wrote it in imitation iv Estherhazy. Thin th' Cap. had it put on a type-writer an' r-run through a wringer. Thin he laid it transversely acrost a piece of wall-paper, an' wheriver th' key wurrud sponge-cake appeared he was thereby able f'r to make a sympathic lesion acquirin' all th' characteristics iv th' race, an' a dam' sight more."

"I follow ye like a horse afther a hay-wagon," says th' prisidint, "hungrily, but unsatisfacthrly. Ye do not prove that the throuble was symotic, mong expert."

"Parfictly," says Moosoo Bertillon. "I will have me assistants put up a screen, an' on this I will projooce ividince—"

"Go away," says th' prisidint. "Call Col. Prystalter. Mong Colonel, ye thraitor, describe th' conversation ye had with Col. Schneider, th' honorable but lyin' spy or confidential envoy iv th' vin'rable Impror iv Austhrich. May th' divole fly away with him! But mind ye, ye must mintion no names."

"I know no man more honest," says th' witness.

"Thin your acquaintance is limited to yeersilf," says Gin'ral Merceer.

"Col. Schneider," says th' witness, "th' Austhrich—whom I will designate, f'r fear iv internaytional entanglements, merely as Col. Schneider—says to me, he says: 'Th' letther pretindin' to be fr'm me is a forgery.' 'How's that?' says I. 'Didn't ye write an' sign it?' I says. 'I did,' says he. 'But some wan else sint it to the pa-apers.'"

"Thin 'tis clearly a forgery," says th' prisidint.

"I wish to ask this witness wan question," says Gin'ral Merceer. "Was it th' Robin shell or th' day befure?"

"My answer to that," says th' witness, "is decidedly, who?"

"Thin," says Gin'ral Merceer, "all I can say is, this wretch's tistimony is all a pack iv lies."

"Hol' on there!" calls a voice from the aujience.

"What d'ye want?" says th' prisidint.

"I'm th' corryspondint iv' th' Georgia *Daily Lyncher*, an' I can't undherstand a wurrud ye say. I've lost me dictionary. Th' people iv th' State iv Georgia mus' not be deprived iv their information about th' scand'lous conduct iv this infamious coort."

"Thrue," says th' prisidint. "Fr-rance 'd soon perish if Georgia shud thransfer its intherest fr'm Fr-rinch coorts to its own sacred timples iv justice. Perhaps some confrere 'll lind th' distinguished gazabo a copy iv his Ollendorff. Manewhile—"

"Mong prisidint," says a white-faced polisman, "Judge Crazy de Bare—"

"Gr-reat hivins!" cries th' prisidint. "Thin th' quarantine at Oporto is a farce."

An' he plunged into th' seethin' mass iv handwritin' experts an' ex-Prisidints iv th' raypublic in th' coort-yard below.

F. P. DUNNE.

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The March of Men

IF you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows, and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain,
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song—
What think you: would you be as wise,
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown
And live a life of smiles;
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

Ah no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road:
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human kind.

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémuc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre endeavors to see Coyocop. He hears her singing a song which had been a favorite with Julia de Aquilar, and the voice reminds him of his lost sweetheart. A number of priests suddenly surround him.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued*).

"Be silent, señor," implored Noco. "I'll save you, if I can." Then, facing the chief priest, who towered above them a few paces in front of his silent and motionless brethren, she exclaimed, in the tongue of the sun-worshippers:

"What would you with this scion of the moon? He worships Coyocop."

"How know we that?" asked the chief priest, sternly, a bronze giant questioning a bronze dwarf surrounded by sentinels of bronze. In the very centre of the dusky white-garbed group stood the pale, desperate Frenchman, his rapier pointed at an angle toward the ground, while his keen eyes, bold and unflinching, travelled defiantly from face to face of the scowling priests.

"What says the Inquisition? Will they dare the terrors of my hungry blade, señora?" cried de Sancerre.

"'Tis dread of the gray chanter that inspires them," muttered Noco. Then she turned to the Frenchman. "I've told them that you worship Coyocop. They have no proof of it."

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, elevating his rapier. "The blood of a sulky Spaniard on this blade is proof enough. But I have it! Say to his holiness the chief priest that I will scratch a message to the spirit of the sun upon a piece of bark. Bid him, in person, take it straight to Coyocop. If he obeys not what she says to him, the City of the Sun is doomed."

Quickly translating de Sancerre's defiant words into her native tongue, Noco, at a gesture from the chief priest, entered her hut. She was absent but a moment, and upon her return handed a piece of virgin mulberry wood to de Sancerre. Drawing his dagger from its sheath, the Frenchman scrawled these words upon the white bark:

"Louis de Sancerre, of Languedoc, sends greeting to Coyocop. Warn the bearer that my person must be sacred in the City of the Sun. To-morrow I will speak to you the words I cannot write."

Noco, without more ado, handed the note to the guardian of the sacred fire, who received it with evident reluctance. Ignorant of the art of writing, he looked upon the gleaming bark as a bit of moon-magic which might at any moment cast upon him an evil spell. But, for the sake of his prestige with his order, he dared not give way to the dread which filled his superstitious soul. Stalking away, with Noco hurrying on behind him, he strode through the moonlight toward the house in which the spirit of the sun was lodged.

The minutes which preceded his return were like weary hours to the distraught Frenchman, surrounded as he was by pitiless faces, from which black piercing eyes seemed to singe his velvets with their spiteful gleams. A tattered courtier, with drawn sword, he stood there motionless, silent, awaiting with foreboding the return of his most influential foe. If fancy, or a fever begotten of a long and exciting day, had played him a trick, if the song of Coyocop had been voiced by Julia de Aquilar only in his imagination, he knew that he was doomed. Presently he drew from his bosom the piece of bark upon which was written the Spanish maiden's name. The sight revived his drooping courage. Whatever might be the explanation of the presence of Julia de Aquilar in this grim outland, his reason told him that his eyes and ears had not deceived him.

At that moment the chief priest, breaking through the circle of his subordinates, strode quickly toward de Sancerre. Falling upon his knees, he raised his long arms toward the sky and uttered a harsh shout, which was repeated by the onlooking priests.

"You are saved!" whispered the panting Noco, an instant later, to the Frenchman. "Coyocop has rescued you from death!"

Having paid homage to the misunderstood scion of the moon, the guardian of the sacred fire handed to de Sancerre the bark, within which the former had found no evil spell. Scrawled beneath the Frenchman's words were these:

"The Holy Mother has heard my prayers. All glory be to her for this strange miracle. I await your coming with a grateful heart. No harm can fall upon you, for I have warned the temple priest. May the saints guard you through the night! JULIA DE AQUILAR."

Turning to Noco, who had regained her breath, de Sancerre said:

"Say to this servant of the sun that I grant him pardon for his foolish threats. But warn him to take heed of how he walks. Unless he payeth abject homage to my power, it may go hard with him."

Waving his rapier till it flashed before the eyes of the overawed priest like a magic wand made of silvery moonbeams, de Sancerre strode with studied dignity toward Noco's hut, and disappeared from sight. The sun-priests, headed by their subdued chief, filed solemnly toward their blood-stained temple, and presently the moon, drooping toward the west, gazed down upon a city apparently abandoned by all men.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE BREAKS HIS FAST AND SMILES.

Worn out with the exhausting experiences of long hours, unprecedented, even in his varied career, for the many contrasted emotions with which they had assailed him, de Sancerre had thrown himself, fully dressed, upon a bed of plaited reeds in Noco's hut, and, despite his inclination to muse upon the joy and wonder of the day's concluding episode, had fallen into a dreamless, restful sleep, which still wrapped him in its benign embrace long after the sun-god had blinked at the matutinal shouts with which the shining orb was greeted by its worshippers at dawn. The day was nearly ten hours old before the Frenchman, stretching his arms and legs to their full length, awoke suddenly, and, with a smile upon his lips and a gleam of happiness in his eyes, recalled instantly the marvel which had made his present environment, with all its perils, a delight to his refreshed and ardent soul. Suddenly he discovered that while he slept his outer garments had been removed. Turning on his side, he raised his head, rested it upon his hand, and glanced toward the centre of the room, which still bore marks of the disorder begotten by the hasty flight of the disguised Franciscan and his charge.

Squatting upon the ground beside a bench, upon which rested de Sancerre's nether garments, sat old Noco, busily plying her fish-bone needle, while she repaired the many rents in his doublet, and crooned a monotonous chant in a harsh, guttural voice. At the further end of the hut a crackling fire sent forth an odor which increased the satisfaction of the Frenchman with his surroundings. With corn meal and fish, de Sancerre's hostess had prepared a repast which the most fastidious palate at Versailles would have found seductive. Upon a small bench at Noco's right hand stood a bowl of reddish crockery, in which wild strawberries awaited the pleasure of her guest.

"You will pardon me, señora," cried de Sancerre, gayly, "if I remark that my present plight is somewhat embarrassing. I shall be late at table unless my overworked wardrobe is restored to me at once."

"*Mas vale tarde que nunca!*" retorted the old hag, glancing inquiringly at the fire, and then resuming her patchwork. "You slept well, señor?"

"Like a log," answered de Sancerre—"a log saved from the sacred fire. And now there is no time to lose! We have before us, Doña Noco, a busy day."

"Nay," returned his hostess, approaching his bedside with his rejuvenated garments upon her withered arm. "'Tis well to wait awhile. When Cabanacte has returned, we'll hold a council and perfect a plan. It is not fitting that the Brother of the Moon should show himself at once. My people worship best the gods they do not see."

Again de Sancerre caught in Noco's eyes a mocking gleam, which once before had placed him in close sympathy with her. That this old hag, whose mind was quick and clear, had, in her heart of hearts, discarded many of the ancient superstitions to which she outwardly conformed, the Frenchman more than half suspected. But he spoke no further word to her until he had made a hasty toilet, and, refreshed by an application of cool water to his face and hands, had seated himself upon a bench to rejoice his inner man with strawberries, corn cake, and skilfully cooked fish. The variety of Noco's accomplishments filled de Sancerre with mingled admiration and astonishment. Speaking two languages, expert with her needle, an admirable cook, quick-witted, fertile in resource, the old woman impressed the Frenchman that morning as a being well entitled to his respect and gratitude. But his mind dwelt no long time upon the praiseworthy versatility of his aged hostess. Impatient and impetuous by nature, he chafed sorely at inaction.

"Cabanacte!" he exclaimed, after he had satisfied his appetite, observing that Noco had disposed of the most exacting of her many tasks. "When think you, señora, your grandson will return?"

"When 'tis best for you, señor," answered the old woman, shortly.

"And 'twas he, Doña Noco, who found Coyocop, the spirit of the sun, by the shore of the great sea?"

"'Twas Cabanacte who found Coyocop, whose coming was foretold when the mountains were but hillocks, and bore her to the sacred City of the Sun."

"He found her by the sea alone?" asked de Sancerre, wonderingly.

"The Brother of the Moon should know all things," muttered Noco, with satire in her eyes and voice. Then she went on: "The white-faced Children of the Moon who bore her to our land lay sleeping on the beach, awaiting the coming of their god to waken them. But Cabanacte knew that she was Coyocop. And so she came to us."

From outside the hut de Sancerre could hear the noises of a town astir, the tread of barefooted men upon the hardened earth, the cries of children at their play, and, now and then, the voices of women chattering of many wondrous things. He longed to make his way at once to Coyocop's abode, that with his eyes he might assure himself that last night's strange adventures had not taken place in dreams. Even yet he found it hard to believe that Julia de Aquilar was in reality a captive, like himself, in this weird town. But there lay her own handwriting on the bark! He read and re-read the message which she had sent to him, and turning toward Noco, asked, pensively,

"Coyocop, señora, seemed glad to learn that I was here?"

"I know not what the chief priest may have thought," croaked the old crone, a gleam of malice in her black eyes as they met de Sancerre's gaze, "but to me she seemed less like a goddess than a girl. She wept for joy to read your note."

De Sancerre sprang to his feet and paced up and down the hut restlessly.

"Cabanacte!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "*Nom de Dieu!* When will the man return?"

"We care not much for women in this land of ours," muttered Noco, using her broken Spanish to tease her impatient guest. "Out of clay the Great Spirit moulded the first man, and, pleased with what he'd made, blew into him the breath of life. And thus he fell to sneezing, the first man, till from his nose there dropped a doll-shaped thing, which set to dancing upon the ground there at his feet. And as she danced, she grew in size, until a woman stood before his eyes. It is not strange that man should make us work!" A sarcastic grin rested upon the hag's brown face as she gazed up at de Sancerre.

"But Coyocop is more than woman," cried de Sancerre, earnestly. "*Caramba!* But you love to torture me, señora! I say to you, beware! I know not what may lie the deepest in your heart, but this I say to you, 'twill serve you well to do your best for me. The time is coming when I'll pay you tenfold for your kindness now."

Noco drew near to the Frenchman and stood before him, listening for a time to the familiar noises outside her hut. Then she asked, in a tone which had no mischief in it:

"The Spanish, señor? Do you love them well?"

For a moment de Sancerre, startled by so unexpected an interrogatory, gazed down at the old hag, speechless. His suspicious mind strove in vain to find her motive for a question which seemed to him, at first, to have no bearing upon the topics they had just discussed. But his intuitions told him that upon the answer he should make to her would depend her attitude toward him from this time forth. By one word, he well knew, he might destroy in an instant the good-will of the one ally who could save him and Julia de Aquilar from the dangers which menaced them. Noco spoke Spanish—a tongue which, it seemed probable, she had learned from her immediate ancestors. That the Spaniards had treated the native Americans with great cruelty de Sancerre had often heard. Was it possible that Noco had inherited a hatred for a race of oppressors from whom her forebears had fled in fear? On the chance that this might be, the Frenchman, hesitating only a moment, decided finally to tell the truth to his dusky inquisitor.

"Doña Noco," said de Sancerre, impressively, placing a hand upon the old crone's arm, "the Spanish are my dearest foes. Often have I led my men against them on the fields of war. I hold for them a hatred only less intense than the love I bear for Coyocop."

The dark, beady eyes of the beldam seemed to search de Sancerre's very soul. Suddenly she fell upon her knees, and seizing his cold hand, pressed it to her shrivelled lips.

"I am your servant, señor—even unto death," she muttered, hoarsely. Then she sprang to her feet with marvellous agility, and stood listening intently, as if the noise outside bore some new tale to her quick ears.

"'Tis Cabanacte!" she exclaimed. "And with him comes the sister of the foolish man they slew."

Hardly had de Sancerre grasped the significance of her words, when Katonah, followed by Noco's grandson, stole into the hut, panting as if their journey had been a hurried one.

"*Bienvenue*, Katonah!" cried de Sancerre, a note of mingled annoyance and surprise in his voice. "I did not think to see you here again. You bring me word from Sieur de la Salle?"

Katonah's sensitive ear caught the hollow sound in the Frenchman's word of welcome. The suggestion of a sad smile played across her weary face as she said:

"The great captain urged me not to come. But, monsieur, I was so lonely! With you and Chatémuc not there, I could not stay." A suppressed sob checked her words. Handing to de Sancerre a note from de la Salle, the Mohican maiden seated herself upon a bench and gazed mournfully at the glowing embers of Noco's dying fire.

"*Ma foi!* Cabanacte, I'm glad to see your giant form again!" cried de Sancerre, smiling, as he perused de la Salle's epistle. It ran as follows:

"Let this chance, monsieur, to serve your King atone for your disobedience to me. Be firm, unbending, and conservative. Well I know that you will be courageous. Await me where you are. I return shortly, and will send for you. I must teach the mouth of this great river to speak the name of France. I go to ring the knell of Spain! *Adieu et au revoir!* DE LA SALLE."

"*Bien!*" exclaimed de Sancerre, kissing his hand to old Noco smilingly. "We hold the cards we need. 'Twill be my fault if blunders now should lose the game we play."

The old woman had come to the side of her eccentric guest.

"My captain," went on de Sancerre, in a lower tone, "a brother of the moon-god, like myself, tells me in this note that he goes to seize a kingdom from our Spanish foes. You are content, señora? You are content?"

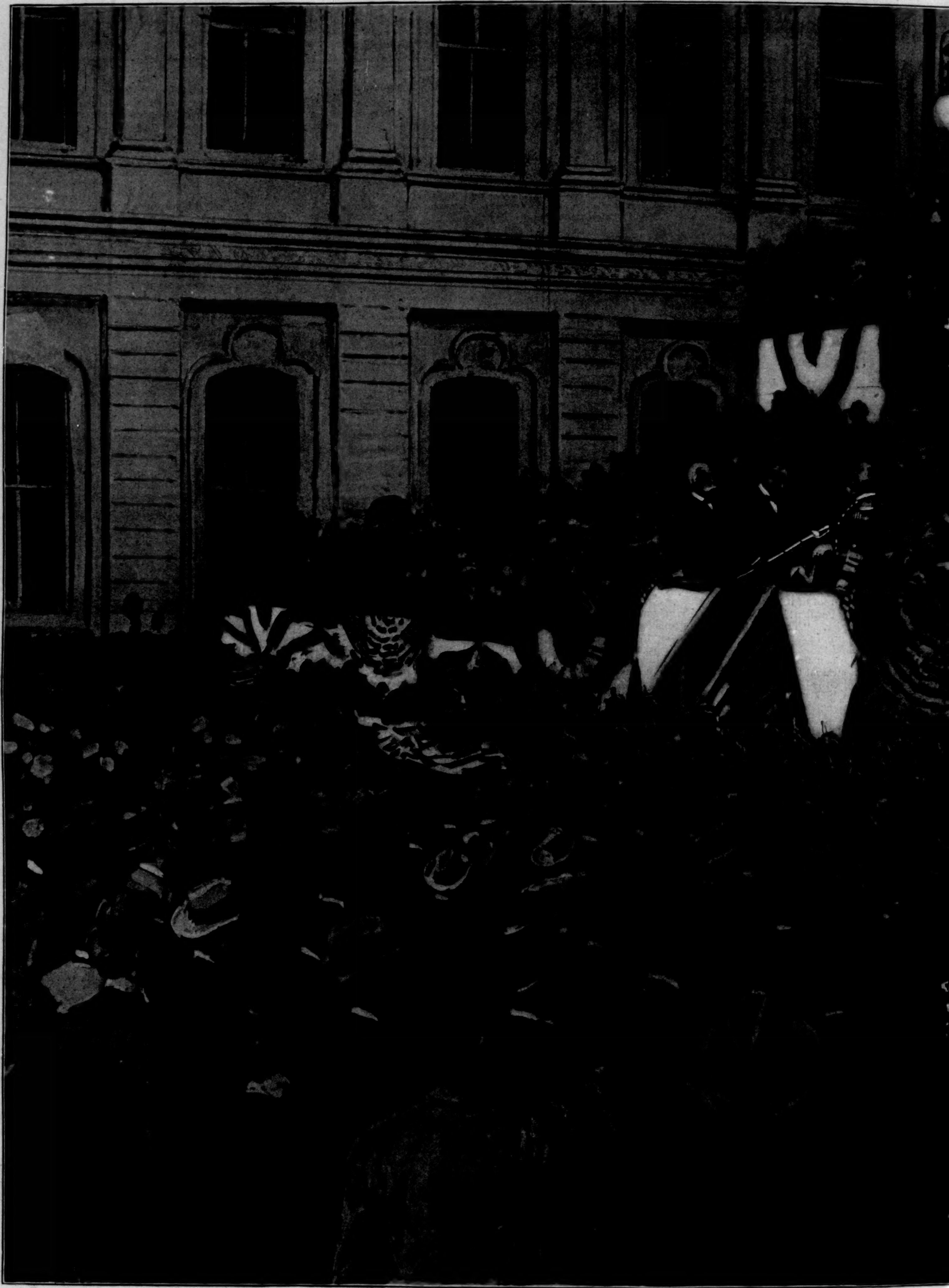
"Aye, señor, well content!" answered the old hag, with grim emphasis.

"And now," exclaimed the Frenchman, beckoning to Cabanacte to approach them, "we'll hold a solemn council; for the truth is this—unless I soon have speech with Coyocop, my throbbing heart will thump itself to death. Tell me, Cabanacte, is there danger for yon maiden, whose brother died the death?"

The bronze athlete had stretched himself at de Sancerre's feet in such a position that he could fix his gaze upon the sombre beauty of Katonah's face. He showed his perfect teeth, and his black eyes gleamed as he answered:

"Danger for her? No, none! Not while Cabanacte lives."

De Sancerre smiled gayly. Cabanacte's answer had delighted him.



Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy. President McKinley. Admiral Dewey.

ADMIRAL DEWEY RECEIVING THE SWORD OF HONOR VOTED TO HIM BY

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. DE THULSTRUP, SPECIAL A

BY CONGRESS, ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 3.

CIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 1036.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE HEARS NEWS OF THE GREAT SUN.

THE Count de Sancerre's desire to come to an immediate decision regarding a line of action that should lead him at once into the living presence of Coyocop was not to be gratified. Noco's sensitive ear, acting as a thermometer to register the degree of excitement prevailing outside her cabin, had heard an ominous murmur, that had lost none of its threatening significance because it had come from afar. She knew at once that a crowd of gossiping sun-worshippers, inspired by some new rumor, had gathered in the great square near the temple of the sun. Hurrying to her grandson's side, she said:

"Go forth at once, Cabanacte, and mingle with the throng outside. There's news abroad which makes the city talk. Return to us when you have learned the meaning of the uproar in the square."

The dark-hued colossus reluctantly arose, and stood for a moment listening to the increasing disturbance among his easily excited neighbors. Hurrying feet, making toward the temple of the sun and the King's cabin, echoed from the street just outside the hut. The pattering footsteps of chattering women and children mingled with the louder tread of stalwart men, aroused from their siesta by an epidemic of distrust. Cabanacte, dismayed at the grim possibilities suggested by this unwonted demonstration upon the part of a people little given to activity at noonday, bent down to Noco before obeying her behest.

"Secrete the maiden where no prying eye can see her," he murmured, hoarsely, still gazing at Katonah. "I'll join the rabble and return at once. I dread the cruel fervor of our priests. But still, they cannot know that it was her brother whom they killed."

"Stop not to make conjecture, Cabanacte," scolded the old crone, pushing her grandson toward the hut's ignoble exit. "I say to you 'tis not Katonah who has made the city talk. 'Tis some calamity—I know not what."

Without more ado, the tall sun-worshipper crawled from the twilight of the hut into the burning sunshine of the agitated street, and drawing himself erect, joined the gossiping throng which poured noisily toward the great square. To Cabanacte's great surprise and relief, his appearance in the open caused no added excitement among the bronze-faced, eager-eyed men and women who hurried by his side toward the centre of the town. It became evident to him at once that the news which awaited him beyond had nothing to do with the strangers whom he had left in the hut behind him.

Meanwhile de Sancerre, vexed at the delay to which a mercurial people had forced him to submit, gazed despondently now at Noco and now at Katonah. French expletives, colored by a Spanish oath at times, escaped from his erstwhile smiling mouth. Noco had stationed herself at the entrance to the cabin, endeavoring to catch the echo of some enlightening rumor as it flew back from the crowded square. Katonah, watching the Frenchman with eyes which seemed to implore his forgiveness, had withdrawn to a remote corner of the room, and seated herself wearily upon a wooden bench. If she had heard a menace to herself in the uproar in the town, she gave no outward indication of the dread that her heart might feel. With the proud shyness of a sensitive girl and the external stoicism of an Indian, she withdrew, as far as was possible, from the presence of her companions, and made no further sign. Had Zenobe Membré known that at this ominous juncture Katonah had murmured no prayer, no invocation to the saints, the sanguine Franciscan would have marvelled, perhaps wept, at the mighty gulf which stretched between the martyred Chatémuc, secure in paradise, and a melancholy maiden who had known the faith and lost it.

The chagrined Frenchman, fully realizing his own impotence at this mysterious crisis, presently arose, and began to pace the room with impatient steps. He felt like a man to whom some unexpected and glowing promise had been given by destiny, to be withdrawn almost at the moment of its presentation. During the long, weary hour which followed Cabanacte's departure from the hut, de Sancerre's mind vibrated between hope and despair. Had he made the amazing discovery of Julia de Aquilar's presence in the City of the Sun only that it might mock him for his lack of power? Could it be that fate had lured him in malice within sound of her sweet voice to hurl him into the lonely silence of the wilderness at last? And to himself he swore an oath that he would never leave the City of the Sun alive unless the Spanish maiden fled with him to the wilds. Death in the effort to save her from years of hopeless captivity was preferable, a thousand times, to life and freedom and a vain regret. How well he loved this woman de Sancerre had never known before. For the first time this *mondain*, who had fondly imagined that life had nothing new to give him, realized the might and majesty of a great passion, and his soul grew sick with the fear that its ecstasy might change to misery at last.

But while de Sancerre's mind dwelt fondly upon the joy of an all-absorbing love, it endeavored, at the same time, to make an inventory of the actual and the possible dangers which he would be compelled to confront before he could indulge the hope that the love he welcomed would ever fulfil the promise which it held within itself.

Weeks must pass before de la Salle could return from his voyage to the Gulf. Even then the explorer had at his command no force with which to overcome these martial and stalwart sun-worshippers. De Sancerre's only hope lay in diplomacy and craft. It was essential to the success of his scheme, whose general outlines were already forming in his mind, that the superstitious tendencies of the people surrounding him be used as a tool for forging his escape. But their fanaticism was a double-edged instrument which must be handled with the nicest care, or it would turn within his hands and destroy him at a blow.

Coyocop? How far could he trust her quickness and discretion? That she possessed both of these qualities he was inclined to believe. One of her greatest charms in the blithesome days at Versailles had consisted in her ready responsiveness to his changing moods, in the keenness of a mind which shone to advantage even in that centre of the great world's sharpest wit. As for her discretion, had it not been proved by the fact that she had maintained for many months her alien authority over these fickle, jealous, sharp-eyed people? Furthermore—and de Sancerre lingered over the mystery with much concern—she had, during that same period, managed to conceal from the keen-witted and revengeful Noco the fact that her origin was Spanish, not divine. How well the girl must have played a most exacting part to deceive the eccentric old hag, de Sancerre fully realized. That in Julia de Aquilar he would find an ally well fitted to play the rôle which he had in mind for her, her skill in blinding Noco gave good proof. But, at the best, de Sancerre's growing project must win the full fruition of success much more by chance than by design. Even before he took initial steps, he must learn what new excitement had aroused the lazy town at noon.

"*Peste!*" he exclaimed, fretfully. "It was no victory to outrun Cabanacte. His heavy limbs are slower than a Prussian's wits."

At that very instant the hole beside which Noco lurked was darkened by her grandson's stooping form. Drawing himself erect, after he had pulled his long limbs into the hut, Cabanacte glanced searchingly around the room, until his black eyes lighted upon the self-absorbed Katonah. Then, followed by Noco, he strode toward de Sancerre.

"There is no danger to the girl," muttered the giant, as he seated himself upon a bench, which groaned in protest beneath his weight. "But I bring to you bad news."

"*Ma foi*, you look it!" exclaimed de Sancerre to himself, scanning the troubled countenance of the dusky youth.

Turning to Noco, Cabanacte poured forth rapidly, in his native tongue, the sombre story which he had heard abroad, and then stood erect, gazing at Katonah.

"The Great Sun lies dying!" exclaimed the old woman, excitedly, turning from her grandson to her guest. "In perfect health at sunrise, he fell near noonday, and none can make him speak."

De Sancerre had sprung to his feet, and was glancing alternately down at Noco and up at Cabanacte. The menacing significance of the misfortune which had fallen upon the King appeared to him at once. Had evil come to the Great Sun in some way not readily explainable, the crafty sun-priests would lay his sickness to the blighting influence of the stranger's magic, the fatal witchery brought with him from the moon.

"He's dying, do you say? There is no hope?" gasped the Frenchman, looking into Noco's eyes for a ray of encouragement.

"He's dying as his mother died," muttered the old crone, musingly, seemingly forgetful of de Sancerre's presence. "But, even then, he had long years to live. And yesterday he looked no older than my Cabanacte there."

"He's dying, do you say?" repeated the Frenchman, mechanically.

"Aye, dying, señor," hissed the beldam, spitefully. "And now the temple priests prepare the cords with which they'll choke his servants and his wives to death. No Great Sun goes alone into the land beyond. What sights my eyes have seen! King follows king into the spirit-world, and with them go the best and noblest of our weeping race. Aye, señor, the Great Sun's dying and the city mourns. When he has passed, his household follows him. The sight you saw but yesternight was child's-play for the priests. 'Tis when a Great Sun dies they have man's sport with death."

The mocking, angry tones in Noco's guttural voice made the broken Spanish in which she spoke impress the Frenchman's ears as a most repellent tongue. De Sancerre was striving feverishly to grasp the full significance of her grim words, to weigh in all its bearings the new exigency which had increased a hundredfold the peril in which he stood. But the thought beset him, with tyrannical persistence, that he had no time to lose. Should the Great Sun die at once, de Sancerre would be powerless against any revenge which the sun-priests might, in their crafty cruelty, seek to take. How far the homage which they paid to Coyocop could be trusted to save him in the crisis which would follow the King's death he could not determine, but he had begun to fear that not only the priests, but the people at large would hold him responsible for the sudden and mysterious blow which had fallen upon the throne. With little time at his disposal in which to examine the crisis from many points of view, de Sancerre came quickly to the conclusion that his doom was sealed unless he acted with boldness, decision, and rapidity. Satisfied of the loyalty of Noco and Cabanacte, although he marvelled somewhat at their good-will, he drew himself up to his full height, and putting up his hand to command silence, said:

"Go forth at once, Cabanacte, and tell the people of this afflicted town that it was the insult cast upon me by the temple priests which brought down the wrath of Heaven upon the Great Sun's head. Tell this to the rabble. Then go to the chief priest and say to him that he too shall fall with suddenness, before his fire, unless he heeds the words that I shall speak. Bid him be silent till I come to him, and to keep his priests at prayer. *Nom de Dieu*, my Cabanacte, have you lost your ears? Stop staring at me and go forth at once, or, with the ease with which my legs outran you, I'll strike you dead with this!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Short Fruit Crop

THE earlier reports of the Department of Agriculture of the United States have indicated a decided shortage in the fruit crop of the present year. The report for the present month repeats and emphasizes the shortage, and may be considered as conclusive, since the ripening and gathering of the fruit leaves all guess-work out of the question.

A graphic portrayal of this report is given herewith. To understand its significance, it is only necessary to keep in mind that a full crop in any State would carry the circle representing that State up on to the highest horizontal line of the diagram.

Grapes.—It will be noted that there is but one such record. The grape crop of the State of Maine is reported as 100, and that of Rhode Island as almost a full crop (ninety-nine per cent.). Grading down by varying degrees, the greatest shortage is found in New Mexico, where the crop is considerably less than half (forty-four per cent.).

These conditions would clearly indicate that grape-growers might expect at least a fair price for their product, unless its quality is low or other fruits are unusually abundant. The Agricultural Department makes no report on quality, but its report on apples and peaches certainly indicates that grapes have nothing to fear from that source.

Apples.—Apples, it can be seen, fall many points below grapes. The highest record is that of California (eighty-four per cent.), and the lowest that of Florida, Mississippi, and Utah. The leading two States, New York and Ohio, report respectively forty-four and sixty-six per cent., an average of but little over a half-crop. The next two, Pennsylvania and Michigan, report sixty-nine and forty-six, only a trifle better than the leaders. The third two, Missouri and Illinois, record forty-three and fifty-seven; and the fourth pair, Indiana and Kansas, sixty-nine and forty-seven, making an average for these four also of just a little over a half-crop.

These eight States contain over half of the apple-orchards of the entire country, and it is likely that few if any other States will have any surplus, judging from their register in the diagram. We, then, who are consumers, may easily reckon that the relation between apple sauce, apple pie, apple dumplings and our pocket-books will not be any "easier" as the season advances.

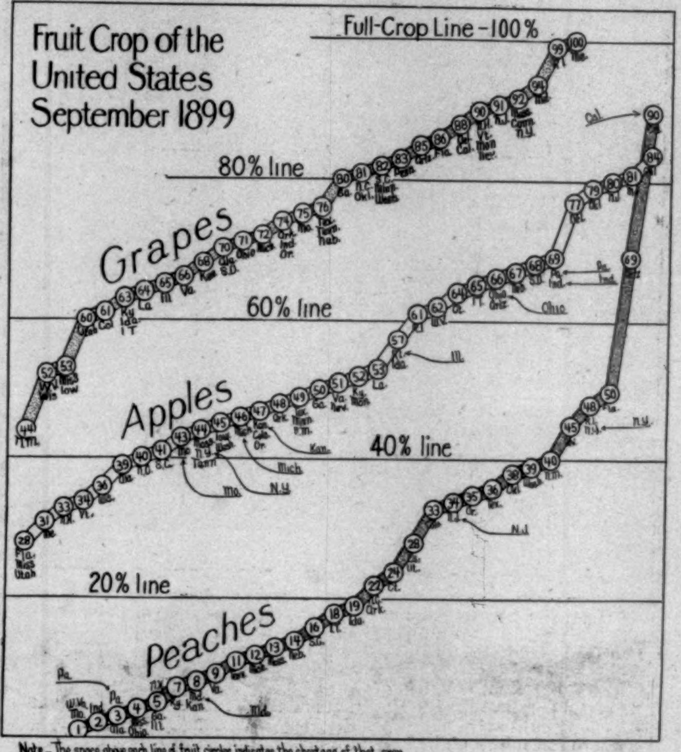
Peaches.—Those who have kept an eye out for the peach-supply in the fruit-markets of our great cities during the past summer will not be surprised to see the low record on the diagram.

Maryland, the great peach State, reports but eight per cent. of a full crop; while New Jersey, the second peach State, reports but one-third of a crop; and twenty-one States report less than one-fifth of a crop.

Several States are unnamed in the peach report, which means, practically, that the crop is an utter failure. A few names are also omitted from the list of apple and grape records, which means that no returns are received, and may also be interpreted to mean no crop.

Many of us, therefore, who would like all the good things which a full crop of peaches provides, will perforce wait for them until another year, or will have to pay a good round price, and hardly secure a good quality at that.

True, California has nearly a full crop, and has been sending nearly all the peaches the East has had; but California peaches, for some reason, lack the flavor and richness of the local crops, and consequently are, in the face of their beautiful color and large size, given only second place by most Eastern people.



Note.—The space above each line of fruit circles indicates the shortage of that crop

AMATEUR SPORT

WHATEVER may be the final result of the *Columbia-Shamrock* meeting, which will not terminate until after this issue has gone to press, the disclosure of *Shamrock's* lines in dry dock stamps her as not only the most powerful, but the most pleasing of the ten yachts that have challenged and raced for the *America's* cup.

It is interesting, in looking over the international struggles for this famous trophy, which, on this side of the Atlantic, began in 1871, to note how, starting with distinct and dissimilar types of single-stickers, the designers not only have come near together, but actually forsaken some of their own individual prejudices and adopted those of the opponents. In the early eighties, when first the single-sticker was the racing class employed in this yachting venture (during the seventies schooners had been used), the two national types were distinct and at wide variance.

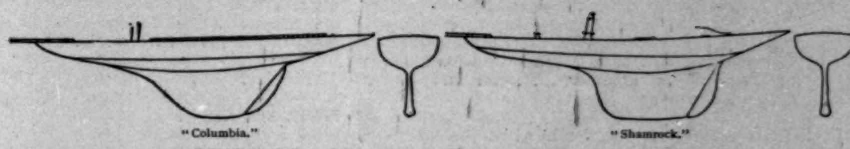
For instance, *Genesta* and *Galatea*, challengers, were the extreme type of British cutters, narrow and deep, while *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, which beat them, were the ideal shoal-draught, broad-beam American centreboards of that day.

Each type, however, had certain advantages for given work; the British designers recognized the need of greater beam, while the Americans were quick to see the value of ballast placed lower. Therefore the next yachts that raced for the cup, *Volunteer*, which defended, and *Thistle*, which challenged, showed the results of this mutual recognition of the others' good quality, and the two types came nearer together than ever before.

"THISTLE" was 86.45 feet on the water-line, 20.3 feet beam, 13.8 feet draught, and carried 55 tons of lead on her keel. *Volunteer*, on the same approximate length, had 23.16 feet beam, 10 feet draught without centreboard, and carried 50 tons of lead on her keel.

With the next challenger for the *America's* Cup (in '93), *Valkyrie II.*, which was defeated by *Vigilant*, the two types had come so near together as nearly to eliminate all former and distinctive peculiarities. The British boat had become beamier and the American deeper. With *Valkyrie III.* and *Defender* in '97, national types may be said to have ceased to exist, for *Defender* was a keel boat; both had about the same draught—20 feet—and *Valkyrie III.* had more beam!

This year the last remaining distinctive feature of the American racing-machine—*i. e.*, greater sail plan on a given water-line length—is taken from us; both designers have turned out fin keels, and William Fife has beaten us at our own game by giving *Shamrock* 355 square feet more sail than *Columbia*, on two feet less water-line length! Added to which she has the greater beam and the deeper draught. Thus works that leveller—time.



LINES OF "COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK."

IF *Shamrock* creates no other surprise while over here, the revelation of her lines in dry dock has supplied ample that is both startling and of such character as to give our designers and yachtsmen food for much thought. *Shamrock*, in the water, is the most deceptive boat we have ever beheld. Afloat, she looks clumsy, and her heavy quarters suggest sluggishness. In dry dock, her under-body is clean, symmetrical, good-looking, and by no means unduly bulky.

And not the least surprise of the exhibition is the shape of her keel and fin—the former longer, and the latter shorter, than was generally supposed. *Shamrock's* keel, in fact, is longer by from seven to nine feet than *Columbia's*, which enables the former to carry her lead lower and distributed over a longer line. There is no denying that the challenger's under-body is most impressive, with its clean lines, its unmistakable suggestion of power, the implied great lateral support, and the ballast hung so low.

UNDOUBTEDLY Fife has scored on several points considered of utmost value in the making of the modern racer; he has succeeded in giving *Shamrock* more beam, greater draught, lower ballast, presumably less weight in her keel, considerably more freeboard to lie down on if the need come, greater sail spread—and withal a shorter water-line length, and an under-body no bigger than *Columbia's*. In other words, the defender, which looks considerably smaller, and is in most respects, has actually to give the challenger time allowance of six and one-third seconds.

Shamrock, in a word, as compared with *Columbia*, is a brute, with the most refined lines that have ever been shown in a model indicating equal power. But the brute is patent, and the question that will be answered by these races is whether or no Mr. Fife has relied too much on that quality for speed.

"COLUMBIA," on the other hand—as disclosed in dry dock—leaves no impression of abnormal development in any particular. She is the clean-limbed racer, in which speed and strength appear to balance to a nicety, a marvel of beauty, with not a single hard point on the hull anywhere. Forward and aft her lines are so wonderfully easy and graceful and fine, one never tires of studying them, and the more one contemplates them, the more difficult it is to entertain thought of her defeat.

Comparing the models as exposed last week, there can be no question of *Shamrock's* ability to carry more sail in a hard blow than *Columbia*, but it remains to be determined whether the marvellously refined under-body of *Columbia* is not so much easier to drive, so much more responsive, as to yield the greater speed through the water under less canvas. It is to be proven whether *Shamrock's* larger sail spread will overcome the extra friction of her greater beam and harder bilge. It is to be demonstrated whether *Columbia's* exquisitely drawn racer-like lines are not more speed-giving than *Shamrock's* greater power.

There is a mean between the brute and the racer, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Herreshoff or Mr. Fife has more nearly reached it.

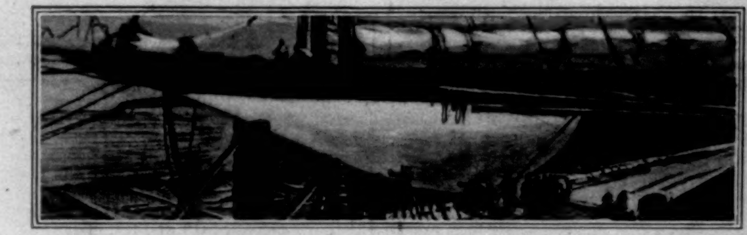
To the eye of one who makes no pretense to technical knowledge, it looks as though *Shamrock* is under-sparred for her body lines, while *Columbia*, on the other hand, seems canvassed to her limit. However, the races will decide how much reliance can be placed on deductions drawn from the comparative study of under-bodies in dry dock.

OFFICIAL measurements result in the following figures, which provide further interesting comparative data:

	Columbia.	Shamrock.
	Feet.	Feet.
Length on the load water-line	89.66	87.69
Length over all	133.0	128.0
Extreme beam	24.4	25.6
Draught	19.10	21.6
Length from the after end of the main boom to the forward point of measurement	181.62	189.13
Length from the fore side of the mast to the forward point of measurement	73.35	79.46
Length of spinnaker pole	73.35	79.46
Length of gaff	64.95	67.64
Length of topmast	64.50	58.06
Eighty per cent. of topmast	51.60	46.45
Height from the upper side of the main-boom to the topsail-halyard block	134.75	128.28
Square root of the sail area	114.61	116.15
Sailing length	102.135	101.92
	Square Feet.	Square Feet.
Sail area	13,135	13,490

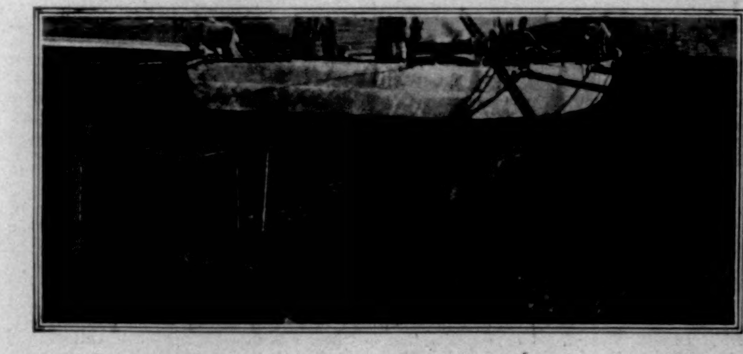
"GENESTA"—CHALLENGER 1885.

"PURITAN"—DEFENDER 1885.

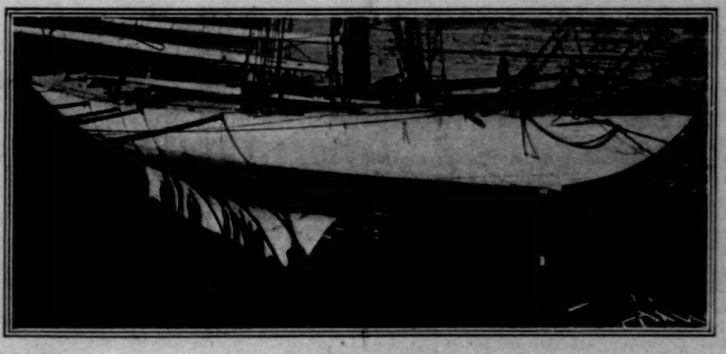


"VALKYRIE II."—CHALLENGER 1893.

"VIGILANT"—DEFENDER 1893.



"SHAMROCK"—CHALLENGER 1899.



"COLUMBIA"—DEFENDER 1899.

EVOLUTION OF THE NINETY-FOOT RACER, AS SHOWN BY THE YACHTS WHICH HAVE SAILED FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

Study of these figures yields the astonishing revelation—that *Shamrock*, with greater beam, deeper draught, and larger sail area, has yet been so masterfully designed as to actually receive, on racing-length measurement, time allowance from a boat slimmer, shallower, and with a smaller spread of canvas.

THERE is yet another direction in which the American yacht has lost its hitherto emphatic superiority—viz., lightness of construction.

From the very beginning of the evolution of the modern racer, nothing has more concerned designers than lessening the weight of the hull. To decrease the area of wetted surface, to increase the driving power, and to attain the required stability by lightness of construction and deeply placed ballast—that has been the scientific struggle making in the building of defenders of and challengers for the *America's* Cup.

It is acknowledged that we have had a long lead in this respect—a lead which has been maintained as much by Yankee ingenuity—hollow booms, steel masts, deftly placed lead-mines, aluminum top sides, etc.—as by superior workmanship.

Since this era of building racing-machines set in—not a challenger has entered the lists that was not entirely outclassed by reason of the more scientific development of the defending boat. We need go no farther back for convincing illustration of this than the last cup series, between *Defender* and *Valkyrie III.* Apart entirely from the question of merit or otherwise in their respective lines, the nearly eighteen tons weight *Valkyrie III.* carried more than *Defender*, as penalty for the non-progressiveness of her designers and builders, was a handicap not to be overcome by even the finest model known to the yachting world.

Valkyrie III.'s mission was hopeless before she sailed from England, where, however, she was accounted an exceptionally fast yacht. But her first performance in the cup series resulted in such overwhelming defeat as to imbitter her owner, Dunraven—provoking him to unpardonable insult of his opponent—and to leave no doubt of the American boat's superiority.

BUT it is an entirely different story this year. It is no longer a case of aluminum *vs.* wood, of yacht-builders *vs.* torpedo-boat builders. Sir Thomas has broken entirely clear of British tradition, and with one long step come quite abreast of uttermost progression First of all, he recognized that torpedo-boat builders are, in these days of lightly and stoutly constructed speeding-machines, apparently best adapted to putting together the body of the modern ninety-foot racer. Therefore he intrusted the building of *Shamrock* to the Thornycrofts, and in so doing brought into direct rivalry the most famous builders of torpedo-boats in England and in America. For the Herreshoffs in this direction are as celebrated in the New World as are the Thornycrofts in the Old.

The result is very flattering to the judgment of Sir Thomas. Between Fife's adroit distribution of ballast, and Thornycroft's expert workmanship, *Shamrock* not only has a keel lighter than *Columbia's*—by at least ten tons, it is said—but also a body of lighter general construction. The challenger's top sides and her deck are of aluminum; the defender's top sides are of bronze, and her deck of wood; the hollow steel masts and spars of the two yachts weigh no doubt about the same.

THUS we see that in almost every structural particular in which the American defenders have heretofore not only excelled, but really outclassed the challengers, this year the challenging yacht is not only the equal of the defender, but actually her superior on several counts.

Perhaps the English designers and builders have progressed too far. We know, through *Defender*, that Herreshoff has improved in speed upon his creation of six years ago; we feel he must have some very good reason for abandoning aluminum for bronze and wood, and thereby adding to the weight of *Columbia;* we are aware of the unceasing endeavor, in her building, to save not only minutes but seconds on the defender, and we must believe, with such a past master responsible for these apparent shortcomings, that experience had proved them to retard rather than to quicken pace.

Yet *Shamrock's* obvious all-round speed shows her to be a thorough success in point of design and structure. Whether or not she wins the cup, she is none the less a great boat, and signalizes the beginning of a yacht-building era in England which must, sooner or later, result in our becoming the challenger rather than the defender.

And, at all events, *Shamrock* is a swiftly moving witness of the unparalleled and scientific progress made in English designing and building since the days of the vanquished *Valkyrie III.*

THE great and absorbing question to be decided by this present series of races for the *America's* Cup is whether the superlative art in the lines of *Columbia* will more than counterbalance the apparently greater power in those of *Shamrock*.

It must be confessed that, to the unprejudiced mind, the trials of the first week, which comprised three separate attempts to reach a conclusion, have left us very nearly as far from a decision as we were before the two yachts crossed the starting-line for their first meeting, on October 3. Too little has been demonstrated on any point of sailing to carry conviction; but it cannot be denied that that little favors *Shamrock;* not so much as to suggest victory for the challenger, but enough to prove that she is strong on the very point of sailing in which she was commonly reported weakest, and that she is so formidable a racer as to put the ultimate result very much in doubt.

Cup races have hitherto been so one-sided that the spectacle of a challenger sticking so closely to the defender, and at times leading her, throughout three days of fruitless endeavor to complete the thirty-mile course within the time limit of five and a half hours, has caused considerable panic among the faint-hearted, and, too, it must be said in fairness, has created the opinion among many, who, perhaps, are more competent to judge than am I, that *Shamrock* will win the series.

Where boats are so evenly matched as these two seem to be, certainly there is license for two opinions, one as well taken as the other, no doubt; but the first week of racing between these two great single-stickers disclosed on the part of *Shamrock* no work which of itself would warrant loss of confidence once held in *Columbia*, or the new conviction that *Shamrock* is the speedier boat in all kinds of weather for three races out of five.

RESULTS that come of a streaky breeze are never trustworthy, and the prevailing winds on the days *Columbia* and *Shamrock* met last week in no way furnished a fair test of the comparative sailing qualities of the two yachts. The exhibition was entirely inconclusive.

On the first meeting of *Vigilant* and *Valkyrie II.* in '93 similar weather prevailed, and on the close of an unfinished race the challenger led by more than *Shamrock* has led *Columbia* at any time during their first three meetings; yet in steady wind *Vigilant* successfully defended the cup. It is true, however, that in stretches of windward work, in light air, *Shamrock* has outpointed and outfooted *Columbia*, but it is also true that the same may be said in *Columbia's* favor.

At various periods, on all of the days, each yacht has had its moments of triumph, but on no day has that period lasted long enough to bring conviction to half-formed impressions. We have seen enough of the boats, however, to know that in fluky weather and failing breezes, such as the first week provided, the two are so evenly matched as to make winning under such conditions solely a matter of handling.

ENOUGH has been seen, too, of the boats to know that *Shamrock's* sails set better and almost invariably draw better, especially the club-topsail. Whether the cut of the canvas or a seeming ever-pinching of the boat is answerable, *Columbia's* club-top is always shivering. Then, too, *Shamrock's* head sails are the better cut and set.

In the handling of the two boats the first three trials rather indicated better sailing by *Shamrock* and better judgment on *Columbia*, though each skipper, when leading, has been equally guilty of allowing the other to split tacks.

Strangely enough, when we consider the size and shape of their respective under-bodies, *Shamrock* is the quicker in stays. She turns more sharply and gathers headway more quickly, and it is hard to understand why, unless it is explained by her larger helm,—or, indeed, by the helmsman.

The one thing the racers last week undoubtedly proved is that *Shamrock* is a great boat in light weather, and perhaps a trifle bit the better to windward, though I confess the latter impression may be revised by further racing. This is perhaps due more to the sails than to her lines, and as yet, so far as actual practical work is concerned, no superiority can be claimed for either hull.

In running before the wind and on a reach, in such weather as we have had, *Columbia* has gone the faster.

Although fully recognizing the possibility of defeat, where two racers are so evenly matched, I confess I still have confidence in *Columbia's* ability to successfully defend the cup. In very light airs the handling of the boats will, I believe, decide the winner; but in any breeze from eight knots to half a gale it looks to me as though *Columbia* would finish in the lead.

FOOTBALL last season among the larger university elevens of the East showed no development worth recording. In fact, Harvard was the only one to reveal really first-class play, and won handily from Yale and Pennsylvania, and would have won as easily from Princeton had they met.

Within recent years Harvard has not played so well, or Yale, Pennsylvania, and Princeton so poorly as in '98. Indeed, the game exhibited by the last three was distinctly mediocre, with Yale and Pennsylvania very weak in kicking and in the handling of kicks, and Princeton slow and disconnected in her play generally.

This year there is promise of better work—at least there could hardly be poorer, and position retained, among teams of the first class. It is evident, even so early, that some of the lessons of '98 have borne fruit, and only sound men will this season be started in important games.

HARVARD enters upon her practice with a most encouraging outlook. She loses only a few of her team of last year, and their places can be readily filled, for there is abundant material with plenty of weight—a desideratum of football these days—and a number of experienced men in the line and back of it.

Save Dibblee (half), Cochrane (end), Haughton and Donald (tackles), and Jaffrays (centre), all of the '98 winning eleven have reported for duty. Dibblee is in the law-school, is eligible, and may play, though he can be of great service in filling the rôle of coach. Donald is also eligible, and will probably be in the game later.

For the important position of centre there is Burnett, who was a substitute last year and played often. He is active, and very nearly as good as was Jaffray. Besides, there are five candidates for the place, ranging in weight from 200 to 216 pounds, and all of more or less experience.

The old guards, Burden (captain) and Boal, are in harness, and it may be safely asserted that Harvard's centre will be as strong as it was last year.

Eaton, who was substitute tackle in '98, is available, and there are Lawrence and several new ones not so well known. In fact, Harvard has a number of new men who were brilliant performers on their prep. school teams, not to mention a dozen good ones who tried for the 'varsity last year.

Back of the line are Daly (quarter), and Reid (full), neither of whom can be improved upon, and Warren, all of last year's team, while there are Fincke and Sawin sub. quarters, and four halves who played considerably in '98.

Dibblee and Waters and Lewis will probably bear the burden of the coaching, and Cameron Forbes no doubt will give aid later when it is most needed. Undoubtedly Harvard will adhere to last year's policy of careful training, gradual development, and straight hard football.

YALE has an entirely different problem to solve. Her task is not so much to harmonize what talent she has as to develop 'varsity men from young if promising candidates. Her situation is not so desperate as the college correspondents appear to think it. In reality she loses a centre (Cutten), a guard (Marshall), and a tackle (Chamberlain). She retains her substitute centre, Cunha, who was nearly as good as the regular, her best guard (Brown), her tackle (Stillman), both ends, and her entire back field, for De Saulles will probably play. I note also that Kiefer is playing, and Yale will be called on to satisfactorily explain his recent association with the Duquesne Athletic Club of Pittsburg.

There is plenty of promising material—in all, about twenty prep.-school players, mostly line men, not to mention Allen, ex-captain of the crew, who is out for guard, and ought to make a good one. Fred Allen is sure to be first class at anything he attempts.

Yale's biggest task this year is to bring her game up to date; it was quite antiquated last year, and her coaching system bad. Nor will she again make the mistake of playing brilliant cripples instead of sound men, even though they be of only average prowess.

PENNSYLVANIA has somewhat of the same task as Yale—viz., to develop a back field which can kick and can handle kicks. Therefore Pennsylvania has been devoting a great deal of her practice to this department, though without as yet having discovered any especially promising candidate. Yale is of course much better off, for she has McBride at full, who is an exceptional and natural kicker. Pennsylvania's losses are perhaps more severe than any of the other larger universities, for among them are both tackles and both ends, though she retains her impregnable centre—Overfield, Hare (captain), and McCracken. With Hodge, Coombs, Wallace, McCloskey, Mahon, Snover, of the old substitutes returned, and several promising new men, among them Howell of the crew, the line should not be weakened. Behind the line there is the addition of Kennedy—who is equally good at quarter or half, and can replace Gardiner if the need be—and Smith, a promising candidate for half. Outland is again playing at back, though it seems like wasting a splendid tackle, and Reugenberg at full, which he does not fill very creditably.

Pennsylvania's line will probably be all right, but the back field must be labored with daily to bring it to the needed state of proficiency.

PRINCETON, in point of veteran material, really opens the season with the most comforting prospects of all, added to which she has secured some of the choicest prep.-school material. Practically she is playing to-day the same team which defeated Yale, for only Crowdis, a guard, and Geer, a tackle, are missing, and to fill their places are Mills and Pell, both substitutes last year, and each little, if any, inferior to the regular occupant in '98. She has her guard (Edwards, captain), this year, centre (Booth), tackle (Hillebrand), both her sprinting ends (Poe and Palmer), both quarters (Hutchinson and Duncan), and all her backs (Reiter, Beardsley, Kafer) and full-backs (Wheeler and Ayers).

Besides this, is some new material of much promise, notably McClave for quarter, Coe, a 205-lb. Freshman guard, and Robinson, a 185-lb. Freshman full-back.

Indeed, it seems to me Princeton's danger this year lies in the chance of falling into an easy confidence superinduced by the possession of such a wealth of experienced material. She would better well try out her new men. Her defeat of Yale last year was the luckiest victory that ever fell to a team; her eleven was not first class, and her game slow and disconnected. Great improvement is necessary this year, and the proposed extension of the coaching system under Lea, the old tackle, ought to bring it.

THE first (and drawn) match of the English cricketers, against twenty-two "Colts" at Philadelphia, produced a very fine performance on the part of the "Colts." Not that the score in itself showed the two teams to be evenly matched, for it is only fair to "Ranji" and his eleven to remember that they were only just off the steamer, and the match, from their stand-point, a preliminary canter to the serious work of the two following test matches against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. But with all that, the bowling and fielding of the "Colts" were quite first class, and some of the batting showed great promise in that the batsman watched the ball.

Elementary though it may seem, watching the ball marks in great part the distinction between first and second class cricket; and it augurs well for the future of Philadelphia cricket that Jordan, White, Seymour, Justice, Goodman, Hinchenan, Allan, and Howson played where the ball was and not where it ought to be. They batted intelligently, though they all seemed a trifle weak on the leg side. Clunnison and O'Neil bowled capitally, with good judgment as to change of pace, and an evident desire to get their formidable antagonists out, and not to wait till they got themselves out. A word of praise is due the "Colts" for their fielding, and Jordan in particular for his wicket-keeping, which was quite first class. He will bear watching in the future, his batting in this match having been very good.

Handicapped by their sea legs, the visitors showed very ordinary cricket. "Ranji" played quite tamely, evidently trying to get himself into practice; but at the finish of the innings Bosanquet hit finely.

DISAPPOINTMENT attended the first test match with the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. There has never been any question that the superiority of the English batting makes them easily the better side, but no one looked for such a feeble exhibition of batting from the home team. Graves played two fine innings, his off driving and cutting being the perfection of timing, and his only weakness a desire to go for everything on the off side. Woods played one capital innings with rare good judgment at a critical time, and his form all through reminded one of Arthur Shrewsbury. Mason watched the ball well in both innings, but had no punishing strokes. Bates played carefully in the second innings, and Clark got a few good hits in the first innings, while O'Neil, in the few ones he had in each innings, showed promise.

But as a whole the batting was fifth class. Few of the men watched the ball, and Woods and Graves alone could score off the short ones—and this was against very ordinary bowling.

Woods bowled exceedingly well after luncheon on the first day, in which time he got one wicket, and Stoddard made the ball do a lot on the last day; but with these exceptions the bowling was of very moderate calibre, and nothing like so good as that of Clark and King.

The winning score of the English team was overwhelming—one inning and 173 runs.

Remaining cricket comment next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—WITH DIAGRAMS.—CLOTH, 6 × $3^{5}/_{8}$ INCHES—203 PAGES, $1 00

Meat vs. Vegetables

PROFESSOR W. O. ATWATER, whose experiments relative to the nutritive value of foods are widely known, suggests a striking remedy for the prevailing high prices of meat. He asks, in all seriousness, "Why eat so much meat?" He asserts, as a matter of scientific conclusion, that very many people in the United States eat much more meat than is really necessary, and often more than is good for them. Numerous experiments conducted by him and by other physiological chemists have shown that other and cheaper varieties of food furnish as much nutriment and just as valuable nutriment as meat—and Professor Atwater is by no means a vegetarian. His remedy is, briefly, "Buy less meat, and be contented with less expensive cuts." He shows what substitutes are most valuable, and gives some interesting comparisons in the cost of various foods, based on the actual nutriment which they contain. It was, with the idea of placing these suggestions briefly before the public that I have talked with Professor Atwater.

"There are good reasons," he told me, "why meat has formed so considerable a part of our diet. One is that the lean of the meat, of which the essential ingredient is the proteids, is needed for building up the body and keeping it in repair. Another is that the fat of the meat furnishes the machine with fuel; the body must have material to keep it warm and to give it strength for its muscular and other work.

"These are the physiological purposes of meat. The question is, 'Can the same service to the human body be performed by other foods?' We find that the proteids are supplied in considerable quantities in wheat; oatmeal has still more, and hence it is a very valuable food material and beans and pease excel even oatmeal. The principal fuel ingredients of food are fats, sugars, and starches, and the greatest of these, taking the food of the human race together, are the starches. Fat is found in meat and butter, but we also get some of it in the oil of wheat and corn, whereas starch is the chief ingredient of such valuable foods as wheat flour, corn meal, rice, and potatoes. Vegetable foods actually contain all the ingredients necessary to support human life. But meats, especially the leaner meats, have one advantage over vegetable foods—they are slightly more digestible; but the difference is so small that for ordinary people in good health it amounts to very little. Meats have a flavor which people enjoy, but the flavor is of less importance, so far as the nutritive value of food is concerned, than most people suppose. I do not mean to say that the flavor of meat is not useful. The point is that its chief use is in gratifying the sense of taste. A man in good health, with good digestion, does not need it.

"Now to come to the question of comparative cost. A given amount of nutriment in meat costs very much more than it does in flour and other vegetable foods. The reason for this is simple. An acre of land will produce a certain amount of wheat, which may be converted directly into food for man, or this acre will produce so much grass or fodder, which may be used as raw material for fattening a steer. The animal requires two years of development, more or less, before it is ready for food; and when it is finally butchered, only about fifty-eight per cent. of its total weight is sold as meat, and part of that is bone. A given amount of nutriment in meat costs several times as much as it does in flour or other cereal products, or in vegetables. Twenty-five cents will buy, say, one pound of sirloin of beef, whereas it will buy over eight pounds of flour, which contains more than eight times as much nutriment; it will buy ten pounds of corn meal, which is more than ten times as rich in fuel and body-building substances; it will buy twenty pounds of potatoes, containing at least eight times the nutriment of a pound of steak, five pounds of beans, three and a half of codfish, and so on. A quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of sirloin steak, and five ounces of wheat flour contain about the same amounts of nutritive material, whereas the prices are very different, the milk and the flour costing only a very small percentage of the cost of the steak. This is a fact which very few people realize.

"People are inclined to make sport of the New England diet of codfish and potatoes, and pork and beans. The codfish supplies protein, and with the potato, which furnishes the starch, makes a well-balanced food. The beans furnish the proteids and starch, the pork the fat. The Scotchman uses his diet of haddie, which is fish and oatmeal, both of which are rich in the strength-giving proteids. I think it will be admitted that neither the New-Englander nor the Scotchman is lacking in those physical and intellectual qualities which go to make up a powerful people. Unknowingly, but none the less surely, they have selected for their diet codfish, potatoes, pork and beans, oatmeal, skim-milk, and the like, which physiological chemistry shows to be as digestible, wholesome, and nutritious as anything which any people can obtain, and they are at the same time the least expensive food materials that can be found."

I asked Professor Atwater if he really thought people cared much about economizing in their food.

"Unfortunately," he said, "most of them do not. They will economize in clothing and rent, and even in amusements, but not in food. We have found by actual investigation that a full half of the earnings of the American wage-worker is spent for food. Persons who are exceedingly economic in the purchase of clothing and other expenditures do not, and in many instances cannot, practise the same economy at the markets. They frequently pay from $1 to $2 per pound for the protein of the meat and other family foods which they use, when it might be obtained, in forms equally wholesome and nutritious, for fifteen or fifty cents per pound. The difficulty is that in comparing different food materials with respect to their cheapness or dearness, we are apt to judge them by the prices per pound, quart, or bushel, without much regard to the amount of actual nutriment which they contain. We endeavor to make our diet suit our palates by paying high prices in the market, rather than by the skilful cooking and tasteful serving at home. We buy more than we need, and, what makes the matter worse, it is frequently those who need most to save who are the most wasteful."

Trusts and Industrial Combinations

IV.—THE DISMANTLING OF MANUFACTURING PLANTS

A CHIEF source of complaint against the trusts is that they purchase the plants of rivals, then close and dismantle them. Rivals of the Standard Oil Company say that at Titusville, Pennsylvania, and in many other places, large and well-equipped refineries which had been running at a profit have been purchased by the company, the machinery taken out, the buildings torn down, and only the blackened chimneys remain as an evidence of the ruin that the trust has wrought. Within a few months the American Steel and Wire Company purchased a plant of a rival at Crawfordsville, Indiana. The plant was immediately closed, the men thrown out of employment. The industry had been the chief manufacturing industry of the little city. The workmen employed there had, many of them, purchased homes, and through the agency of the building and loan associations were paying for them. They were counted among the prosperous, trustworthy citizens of Crawfordsville. The dismantling of the plant threw them out of employment, and will force many of them to surrender their homes, while the city has lost a chief source of its prosperity. Is there a sufficient reason for the trusts to take such action. The trusts give two answers which they consider sufficient:

1. Whenever, in any line of business, competition has become severe and the market has been overstocked with goods, the plants are often run at only part of their full capacity. If those most poorly situated can be closed, and the best ones run to their full capacity, a great saving can be made without any lessening of the output.

For some years before the organization of the Whiskey Trust, the output had been limited by agreement among the distillers to a small per cent. of the distilling capacity. In some years only forty per cent. of the capacity was run—in one year only twenty-eight per cent. Eighty-one distilleries entered the combination. Although some of them had been closed before the trust was formed, a large proportion had been running. The trust immediately closed all but twelve; but these twelve, the largest and best equipped, were run at their full capacity, and the total output was not lessened.

Mr. Havemeyer testified before the United States Industrial Commission in June that the chief source of saving of the Sugar Trust was this: It had closed its poorest plants, and run its largest and best to their full capacity. There had been no lessening of the output. Likewise Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, gives this practice as one of the chief sources of saving of that organization. The plants that are closed and dismantled are always those in which oil is refined at the greatest cost. The machinery from those plants is removed to those better situated, and the total output is not of necessity in any degree lessened.

2. But there is also a second reason for the practice, which is not so favorable to the public. If a competitor has been active, and has succeeded in taking part of the market of the trust, a sufficient reason for the purchasing of his plant is to remove him from the field. In many cases the trust could afford to pay a sum far above the cost of reproduction of the plant. With the rival removed, prices can be raised above the competitive point, and the consumers thus taxed to pay the added cost. While most of the trusts claim that the dismantling of such plants merely transfers manufacturing to another and more favorable location, it is doubtless true that in many cases competition has so stocked the market that prices cannot be kept up without a restriction of the output. Under those circumstances the dismantling of the plant means not merely a transfer of its location, but a lessening of the output and an increase of price.

If competition has been fierce, it is possible that when competition is removed prices may be kept somewhat steadier, to the advantage of all dealers engaged in the business; but, generally speaking, this gain to the public is inappreciable. There is more likely to be a loss from an increase in price.

It is seen, therefore, that if there has been ruinous competition in a business, if plants have been located disadvantageously and are run at only part of their capacity, there may be a real gain to the public from the closing and dismantling of the poorer plants and the running of the best ones to their full capacity. The temporary displacement of laborers is of course very severe on the individuals concerned, but the loss to them is that which always comes from the introduction of a new and improved machine; and the lessened cost of production, with the added demand for goods consequent thereupon, will result ultimately in an added demand for labor and an increase in wages. The experience of the last century has shown this so many times in all lines of industry that no proof is needed.

On the other hand, when the dismantling of the plant is for the purpose of so restricting the output that the price can be readily kept above competitive rates, the public suffers. Neither the complaint of the displaced laborers nor the claim of cheapened production on the part of the trusts is at all times justified. Each is true in certain instances; neither is true in others. Each case must be judged by itself.

Red and Gold

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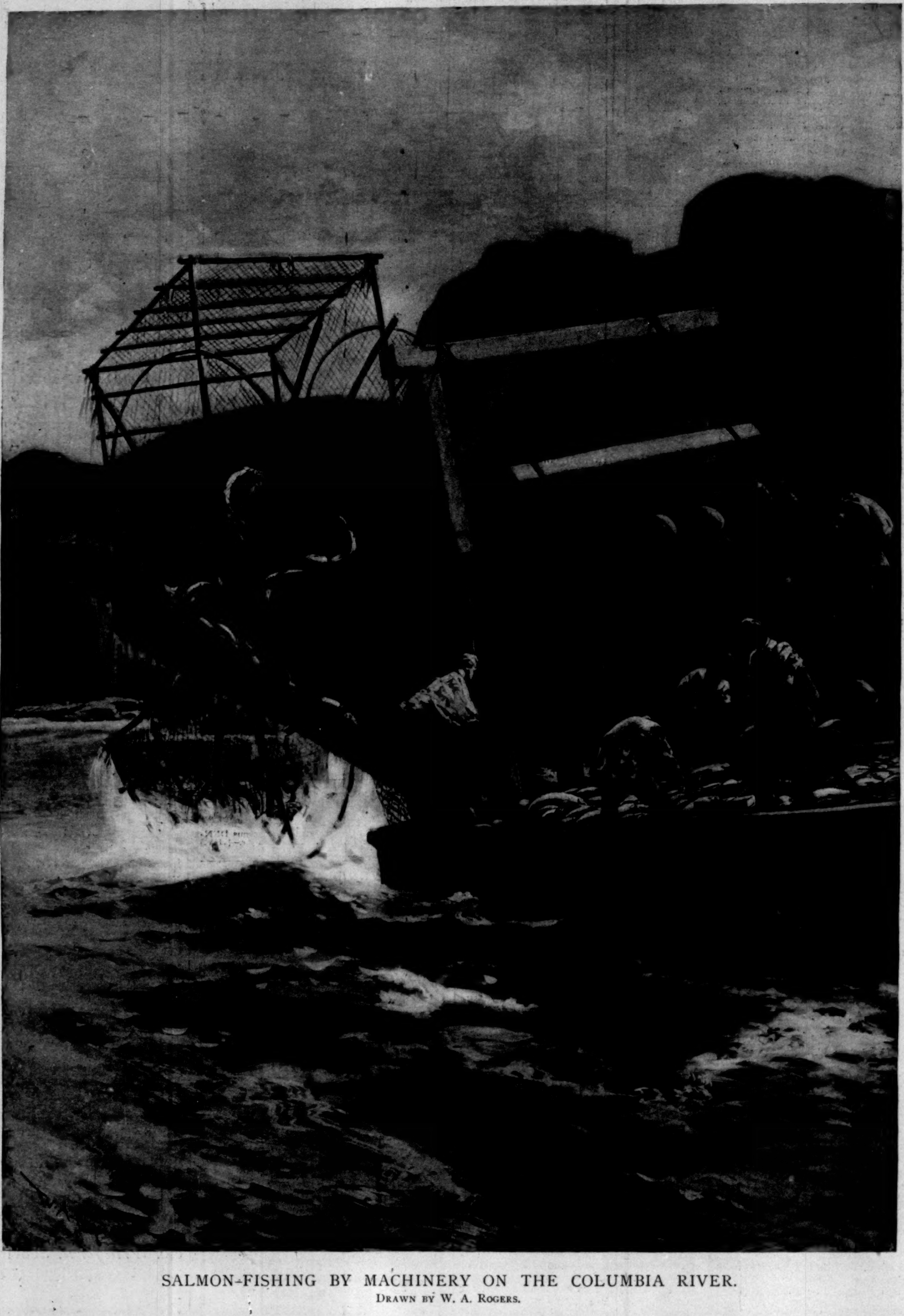

SALMON-FISHING BY MACHINERY ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

THERE are certain well-known centres in the East from which almost all the favorite fish stories extant have radiated for many years. Pike County, Pennsylvania, and East Hampton, Long Island, have been the centres of greatest activity. When a Pacific coast fish story comes along, however, the Eastern yarn must wind itself back into obscurity. A story told all along the Columbia River is to the effect that the salmon, when they make their annual migration in the early summer to the upper waters of the river, are so tightly wedged together that you can walk across the channel on their backs. One of the most ingenious machines for catching fish in use on the Columbia River is the fish-wheel. Three great scoop-nets revolve on an axle hung out from the rear of a scow anchored near the shore. When the wheel revolves, each net, as it arises from the water, dumps its catch into a slanting trough attached to the axle, and from there the fish slide into another trough, which conveys them into the scow.

The swift current propels the wheel, which is set with the open side of the net down stream, and the fish swim into it, so that the river and the fish themselves do all the work, the fisherman's only task being to convey the fish from the scow to the cannery. A story which would carry sorrow to the souls of the imaginative fishermen of Pike County is told of the owner of a fish-wheel near The Dalles, Oregon, who fell asleep during a lull in the run of salmon one afternoon and left his fish-wheel running. When he awoke, his scow was sinking under the weight of the fish who had caught themselves during his slumbers, and he was compelled to swim for shore.

Ingenious fishermen have taken advantage of the rugged cliffs that border the river at some points and have erected great wheels on stationary anchorages, with tramways leading direct to their canneries, and the industry of catching, canning, and shipping salmon is carried on by them with all the system and accuracy of a manufacturing business. When salmon are caught on a scow-wheel they have often to be carried a considerable distance to the cannery. Squaws are in demand for this work, as they carry loads over the rocks that would be impossible to a white man. The squaw carries a large bag on her back, which she holds open with one hand while she tosses in the fish with the other. She hooks her fingers in the fish's gills, and throws it with a quick jerk over her shoulder into the bag.

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American Life Insurance Companies in Germany

BY JOHN A. McCALL

A RECENT event which deserves more than passing notice is the visit to this country of a commission sent in behalf of the Minister of the Interior for Prussia to investigate the methods of business and the general condition of certain American life insurance companies. This is the first instance in which such a commission has ever been sent to the United States in behalf of a foreign government, and it contains a suggestion with regard to commercial questions that arise between governments so far-reaching that the President of the United States quickly recognized the possible significance of it, and repeatedly expressed his deep interest in the issue of the commission's work.

Four American companies have first and last been involved in the action of the Prussian government, including the three so-called "giant companies" in New York city—the New York Life, the Mutual Life, and the Equitable. As the business on the books of these three companies alone probably now exceeds $3,000,000,000—or about one-half of all the business in force in all American companies—the importance and far-reaching effects of the work of the Prussian commissioners can be readily understood.

In passing upon the condition and methods of business of the New York Life, the Mutual Life, and the Germania, as the commissioners did by the request of those companies, they were practically criticising a great American enterprise, and their conclusions will necessarily have an important bearing upon the future. It is proper to add right here that the Equitable Life was not examined by the commissioners because it has never asked for a renewal of the concession which it voluntarily surrendered some years ago.

After completing their labors, the commissioners returned to Berlin, and their reports will be submitted to the Minister of the Interior for his final action. It is quite possible that their detailed report will remain a part of the records of the Interior Department, and will never be given to the public. The character of their work, however, has been somewhat indicated in recent publications.

It will be of interest to notice some of the rulings of the Prussian Bureau of Insurance which had most to do with the retirement from Prussia of the three great American life insurance companies, and with bringing about the present condition of affairs:

1. A life insurance company shall not hold stock in a private corporation.
2. A life insurance company shall limit its total expenditures to a sum not in excess of the loading provided for expenses in its premium income.
3. A life insurance company issuing policies in which a division of surplus is deferred beyond the second year shall so keep its books that it can know how much of its total surplus (so called) is derived from the policies issued in each year, and these amounts must be shown as liabilities in its reports to the Prussian Minister of the Interior.

In order to make these rulings clear, it is necessary to explain that life insurance policies are usually paid for by premiums which fall due annually, or more frequently than once a year, at specified dates. These premiums must of course be sufficient, when accumulated with compound interest, to enable the company to pay the sums insured under the policies as those policies mature, and in addition to this they must provide for the expense of managing the company. An elaborate mathematical calculation, taking into account the probable annual mortality of human beings and the probable rates of interest to be realized on perfectly safe investments in the future, is necessary in order to determine the former amount. As thus determined it is called the "net" premium or "pure" premium. The actual premium payable by the policy-holder is equal to this net premium, together with an addition, as already explained, to cover the cost of administration. This addition is technically termed the "loading" of the premium. As it is impossible to predict with perfect accuracy the future rate of mortality and the future rate of interest, it is of course necessary, in order to make life insurance absolutely safe, to charge a premium somewhat higher than that which will be actually required for the payment of claims and cost of management. The whole of this extra charge, in the case of a mutual life insurance company, is returned to the policy-holders in the shape of dividends. Before being allocated to individual policy-holders as dividends, it is carried on the books and published to the world as "surplus." While all mutual companies divide up amongst their policy-holders the entire overplus of premiums, as above described, there is much difference as to the *manner* of division.

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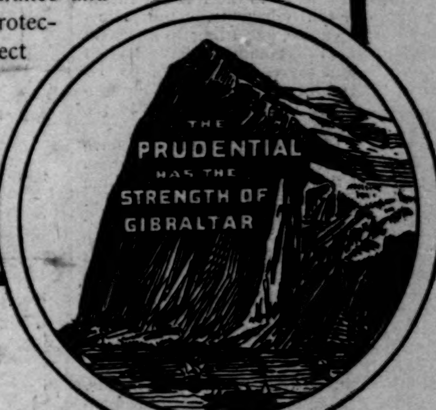

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Companies vary in regard to the degree of fairness observed as between different sections of policy-holders, in their division of surplus, and it must be said that in this respect American companies are, as a rule, superior to European companies. There is also a variation as to the time, or times, in the history of a policy when dividends are allocated. In some policy contracts small dividends are paid to the policy-holder year by year, so that he gets back the overplus of his premium almost as fast as he pays it, but has not the opportunity of availing himself of the special financial advantages possessed by a large company for investing money in the most profitable way consistent with absolute security. The more popular plan, and that followed by the three great American companies in the most of their policy contracts, is to accumulate these dividends for the benefit of the policy-holder for a specified number of years, selected by him in advance. These dividends are then paid either in cash or in the form of future insurance or annuity benefits, at the policy-holder's own choice, according to a system of options which the companies have devised in order to suit the convenience of policy-holders under all sorts of changed circumstances that may have taken place, in the interim, in their family or business affairs.

It may be said, perhaps, that the above rulings of the Prussian Insurance Bureau are rather of the nature of regulations than of principles, but there is a principle behind each rule. In the case of stocks, the principle is security. While some stocks may be better than some bonds, yet bonds are a first lien, and stocks a second lien; the income on bonds is fixed, while that on stocks varies with the prosperity of the issuing company. Bonds, as a class, furnish better security and a more uniform rate of income than stocks. This principle is recognized in the law which forbids our savings-banks to invest in stocks. Moreover, the holders of stocks are the managers of the corporations issuing them, and in some instances they carry a double liability, as, for example, in the case of the stock of a national bank.

The question of expenses is one that has been often discussed by life underwriters. The question is one, too, on which there is current a great deal of misinformation. Whether or not the expenses of any life company are too high is not absolutely proved by its expense ratio. If the company has ability and vigor in its management, and does a very large new business, the expense ratio will be high. It is to be borne in mind—though it is not creditable to human nature—that a demand for life insurance does not exist among the public at large to any considerable extent until it is aroused by energetic solicitation on the part of an army of canvassers organized by life insurance companies. These canvassers can command high pay for the ability and energy which are needed in order to persuade men to take out life insurance, and the pay is naturally dependent in the main on the payment of the first premium. There are other expenses, such as the cost of medical examination, and personal inspection of risk, connected with the beginning of a policy that do not occur in its subsequent history. Hence a large new business means a high expense ratio, even though the new business is secured on a basis which will make it ultimately very profitable to the company. On the other hand, the expense ratio in a company may really be very large when it seems very small, simply because such a company does a small business but at an extravagant cost. Under which of these two classes any given company comes might perhaps be a matter on which opinions would differ, and a regulation, particularly by a foreign government, which provides that the expense ratio must not represent a total expenditure in excess of the loading provided in the premium income is certainly not an unwise or an unreasonable requirement. It is not unreasonable because it practically does not interfere with the energetic transaction of business, and it is wise because it is safe.

A regulation which requires that accumulated surplus (so called) shall be carried as a liability is intended to secure a fair and equitable distribution of it amongst policy-holders, from whose contributions it is derived. When surplus has been once ascertained and assigned, beyond question it should become a liability to be paid at the maturity of policies, and it should not remain an undefined sum which may be drawn upon for other purposes. This regulation certainly is in the interest of individual rights and equities, and precludes the misapplication of surplus funds.

A word as to the desirability of foreign business for an American company: While we believe that our own is a favored land in most respects, some of our life insurance companies long ago discovered that the conditions of life abroad among the insuring classes, especially in Europe, are quite as favorable as they are in the United States. We are sometimes disposed to think that we are the only progressive people, which, of course, is a mistake. People in Europe have been working at economic and sanitary problems much longer than we have, and, in general, the conditions which insure security to life and stability to property there are quite equal to those which exist in this country. Moreover, business can be secured at a lower expense, and—a most important consideration—once obtained, it is more persistent than in this country, and in the end equally profitable. A large and widely distributed membership well selected must necessarily give the best and most uniform results in life insurance.

Let us for a moment look upon the amount of foreign business, which each one of the three great American companies has upon its book, as a company by itself. At the close of 1898, the total foreign business in force in the "three giants" aggregated $637,700,000, about twenty-two per cent. of their entire business. One-third of this total, $212,560,000, is the average amount of business in force in each of these three companies in foreign countries. Out of 395 life companies in existence in the entire world, only five companies, excluding the "three giants," have a total volume of insurance in force greater than the foreign business of any one of the "three giants" alone. On the Continent of Europe there are 190 companies, and only one approaches $212,000,000—the Gotha, and that falls short of it. Out of 92 companies in Great Britain, only one—the Old Prudential, the great industrial company—exceeds the above figures. The great Australian company—the Australian Mutual Provident—approximates the above figures, but does not reach it. In the United States there are only four companies outside the three under discussion—viz., the Metropolitan, the Prudential, the Northwestern, and the Mutual Benefit—whose total figure surpasses $200,000,000. The foreign business of the American companies has been built up in less than thirty years; while the average of British life companies is sixty-four years, and that of the Continental companies forty-six years, and that of other American life companies forty-four years. These figures not only prove the extraordinary growth of the foreign business of the three great American companies, but are fruitful in suggestion, as to both its present and its future possibilities and value.

To these considerations should be added the advantage to an American company of having an independent audit of its books and a review of all its methods by experts of other nations interested at the same time in the immediate protection of the policy-holders in their respective countries. The examination made by such men, and the reports required annually by their governments, bring added security to our own people, for obvious reasons.

I believe, therefore, that the requirements of Prussia, without reference to whether any of our companies are re-admitted to that country or not, will in the near future be recognized as wise and as most beneficial to life insurance everywhere. It is to be hoped also that the precedent established in this action by the Prussian government will show the way to a better method of settling other commercial differences.

Did Louis XVII. Really Escape?

THE success of "Pamela," Victorien Sardou's historical (or quasi-historical) drama (a piece having much to do with the question of whether or not the Dauphin, born Louis XVII., was or was not saved alive from the Revolutionary prison of his suffering), has stirred up again that obscure problem. It is to be remembered that to-day, over in Belgium, lives Naundorff, the unshaken pretender to the throne of France. The strength of his claim insists that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple; that he did escape; that he attained, in secret, his maturity, and married; and is represented to-day by M. Naundorff. It is only fair, too, to say that though the Naundorff party of believers and supporters is small—too small for the republic to trouble itself about it or to be a political factor of consideration—it is fervently supported. Its claims are based on a strikingly logical and minute story and a curious set of coincidences. Naundorff himself is a Capet "all over," and is, beyond doubt, perfectly honest. He earns his own living at a trade, and yet is withal a gentleman. M. Sardou, who has been fighting the critics—especially the historical critics—as to points assumed in his drama, makes a strong case for the theory that the Dauphin did not perish miserably, but was rescued, a lad being substituted for him, in his bed. He reminds the sceptics that of the two doctors called to establish the poor boy's death, one, Dr. Pelletan, had never seen the Dauphin, and the other, Dr. Lassus, had not seen him since he was an infant; while neither of the turnkeys, Gomin and Lasne, are of any credit whatever as evidence. Barras declared in 1808 that the rescue had been made. But Sardou considers the evidence of others so sufficient that those interested in the mystery can dismiss the words of "that impudent liar who falsifies the truth for the good of his interests—that public charlatan." M. Sardou considers that the interests of the Royalist party demanded the secrecy of the incident, so unsatisfactory was the "escaped Dauphin's" health, but that he lived long, in disguise, a resident of Germany as years advanced. The question, beyond doubt, is still an open one. Was the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette saved and made an exile or not? A playwright certainly can answer as he will. S.

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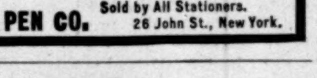

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The World of Finance

TRADING on the New York Stock Exchange was restricted by the higher rates for money, and there were declines in the period of the greatest stringency in the money-market. Taken in general, however, it must be said that prices showed a steadiness that was surprising under the circumstances—a fact that furnished argument in favor of the theory that there was considerable absorption of securities by operators with ready capital and moneyed institutions.

Commission-brokers are the heaviest sufferers in interest changes in times of high rates, for competition for business is so acute that only in rare instances can they advance the interest rate exacted of the customer above 6 per cent., and the customer is likely to turn a deaf ear to requests to sell his stocks out because it costs his broker more than usual to carry them. After all, it is not such a serious matter to the broker, for if he is provident and has fair credit, he can usually make time loans for longer periods than ninety days at rates below the legal rate. The large houses are generally prepared with round amounts borrowed somewhere around 4 per cent. for six or even twelve months; their borrowings on call are small in proportion. The customer is charged 6 per cent., unless he is a favored one, even when the money-rate gets down to 2 or 3 per cent. It seems quite probable, now, that there will be little relaxation in the money-market for some weeks to come, though the abnormally high rates should not be seen again. Such "squeezes" are rarely legitimate, and are most frequently caused by accidental circumstances. The rejection of collateral offered as security forces a broker back into the loan-market if he cannot meet the requirements of the original lender, and this has happened many times recently.

The influx of Dewey day visitors, of course, brought a large amount of currency to this city, but a large proportion of this was paid by people of near-by districts for whom this city is the banking centre, while the large bills were paid either by checks on out-of-town banks or by funds provided by drafts drawn by those banks on their correspondents here. There was therefore little reason to expect material relief from the Dewey celebration, even though millions of dollars changed hands. At this day the system of credits does away with the actual handling of cash on such occasions, as it does in the ordinary course of business.

The advance in its rate of discount by the Bank of England, which put a stop to the preparations for importing more gold to this country, was not a surprise to the houses in the Street that were well informed, or had foreign connection.

The governors of the bank took an unusual step in making the advance on Monday, but it was not an unprecedented one. They usually decide the discount rate on Thursday of each week, and in this case followed Monday's advance of 1 per cent. by an additional advance of one-half of 1 per cent. on the following Thursday, making the rate 5 per cent., against 3½ per cent. the previous week. The proportion of reserve to liability had declined from 48.6 per cent., the previous week, to 39.3 per cent., and the bank had lost during the week £1,899,000 in gold. These figures reflect the preparations the country was making for possible contingencies in the Transvaal.

It is to be hoped that the United States Leather Company will be able to carry out a plan for the settlement of the claims of the preferred stockholders for the dividends due them under the cumulative clause in the stock certificates; if not the plan proposed by the directors, then some other that will do away with the provision that stockholders who do not receive 7 per cent. in one year are to have the deficit made up to them afterwards before the common stockholder shall receive anything. It has proved about as serious a drawback to the prosperity of several companies as a floating debt would have been; indeed, has sometimes been a factor in creating such a debt.

Of course no plan of this sort can be forced on stockholders without a confession of bankruptcy and subsequent reorganization, a step of course impossible for a solvent company like the one in question. But the example of the General Electric stockholders in acquiescing in the plan subsequently carried through in settling claims for accumulated dividends should be studied by those of the United States Leather Company. It is perhaps to be regretted that a plan could not have been proposed that would have brought about a reduction in the total capital stock. Nothing has been heard of the rumored friendly suit to test the question whether the preferred stock of the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company is entitled to six years of accumulated dividends; but this is a matter that will soon have to be settled in one way or another, and here too the company should, if possible, get rid of the embarrassing obligation.

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